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VOLUME LXI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1893. NUMBER 51.

Poetry.

THANKSGIVING IN OLD VIRGINIA.

Old black mammy has a 'possum on to bake
With sweet potatoes, sweeter than a maple-sugar cake,
And her pickaninny's gone, by the light of the moon,
With his yellow-bellied puppy to tree a fat coon.

The coon lies a grinning in the hollow of a gum
That the yellow-hammer uses for his morning drum;
While the gray squirrel chuckles, in high old glee,
At the hickory nuts a-raining from the hickory nut tree.

The gray owl shivers on a dead old limb,
And blinks in the sunshine mellow and dim;
While molly-cotton rabbit gives a half a dozen hops,
And hears her heart beating, of a sudden, and stops.

The air is so fine and soft and clear,
That the fence seems far and the mountains seems near;
Till the partridges fly to the fences and light,
And call out a song about "Old Bob White!"

"Old Bob White, are your crops all right?
Is there wheat beneath the barn for the first cold night?
The guinea hens and turkeys find its shelter mighty warm;
We'll gather in among 'em when there comes a storm."

The wild turkey's calling from the far hillside;
The foxhounds are baying on the long divide;
There's a fat pig squealing, for life is sweet—
But not much sweeter than his sausage meat!
—John Paul Bocock in N. Y. Recorder.

THANKSGIVING EVE.

Hand in hand through the city streets,
As the chill November twilight fell,
Two childish figures walk up and down—
The bootblack Teddie and sister Nell.
With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,
Where dazzling lights from the windows shine
On golden products from farm and field,
And luscious fruits from every clime.
"O Teddie," said Nell, "let's pay to-night
These things are ours, and let's suppose
We can choose whatever we want to eat.
It might come true, perhaps—who knows?"

Two pinched little faces press the pane,
And eagerly plan for the morrow's feast
Of dainties that in their lips will melt,
Forgetting their hunger awhile, at least.
The pavement was cold for shoeless feet,
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered and said,
"Let's go to a place and choose some clothes."
"Agreed!" said Nell, and away they sped
To a furrier's shop, ablaze with light,
In whose fancied warmth they place their hands,
And play their scanty garments are changed
For softest fur from far-off lands.
"A grand Thanksgiving we'll have!" cried Nell;
"These make-believe things seem almost true;
I've almost forgot how hungry I was.
And, Teddie, I'm almost warm, aren't you?"

O happy hearts that rejoice to-day,
In all the bounty the season brings,
Have pity on those who vainly strive
To be warmed and fed with imaginings!
—Congregationalist.

THE AUTUMN WIND TOSSETH THE BRANCHES.

The autumn wind tosseth the branches,
The night is damp and cold;
Enveloped in gray mantle
Lonely I ride through the world.

And as I am riding swiftly
My thoughts speed on before,
And bear me with joyous lightness
To my own loved one's door.

The dogs are barking, the servant
The flickering candle brings;
I climb the winding staircase,
Which loud with my spur-clank rings.

In the costly, lighted chamber,
There, so fair 'mid her charms,
There waiteth my darling sweetheart—
I fondly fly to her arms.

The night wind rustleth the leaflets,
The oak tree to say doth seem
"What wilt thou, foolish rider?
With thy mad and foolish dream?"
—Heinrich Heine.

Miscellany.

STRONG COMMERCIAL INSTINCTS.

How a Bible Drummer Sought to Make a Sale.

Unfortunately it is not always possible to vouch for the truth of a drummer's story, but that many of them are witty and mirth provoking is not to be denied.

Just at the present time ther is in circulation a rather interesting tale which purports to narrate the truthful experiences of a salesman for a publishing house as a witness in an assault case, says the New York Herald.

"Mr. John Smith," called out the Police Justice. The man's name is not John Smith, but that can be assumed for the purpose of the story.

The words had scarcely ceased to echo through the court room when a well dressed young man walked quietly to the front. Everything about the witness betokened a gentleman.

"Kiss the book," growled the clerk.

"I respectfully decline, Your Honor," was the reply.

The tone of the young man rather startled the Justice, and the remark at once attracted the attention of the prisoner, counsel and spectators, as well as the court itself.

Recovering somewhat from his surprise the justice asked, "Are you an infidel?"

"I am no."

"An atheist?"

"Not at all."

"And you refuse to kiss this book?"

"I most certainly do."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, replied the young man. "I see no reason to doubt its precepts or origin, but I refuse to kiss that book."

"Ah, I see," remarked the justice. "You object to it on the score of cleanliness. Well, I have no other, and you'll have to kiss that or stand committed for contempt."

Such a remark, the story goes, was what the young man was waiting for.

"Your Honor," said he, "fortunately I have my samples with me. I carry the finest line of Bibles in the trade. Here's one, now, which will answer your purposes nicely," and with that he drew one from under his coat, offered to sell it with all discounts off on long time, and, so the story goes, effected a sale.

He Would Be Popular.

Gushley—"Oh, he is a wonderful juggler. Why, he can take your hat, and simply pour money, jewels and watches out of it."

Dedbroke—"Huh! What I want to see is not a juggler who will pour such things out of my hat, but one who will pour them into it and leave them there."—Truth.

Matrimony.

Teacher—"Spell and define 'matrimony.'"

Pupil (after spelling)—"I don't know as I can tell exactly what it means, but it is something that my father and mother say they have had enough of."—Boston Transcript.

Lots of Fun.

Count Paresi—"Oh, Monsieur, your Americque is ze gret countarie, ze gran' countarie, but you la'k ze elan—you have not ze emeute!"

Broncho Bill—"No; we don't call it that, fer a fact, stranger; but you jest oughter see the boys round up a Chinee camp some evenin'."—Exchange.

Can't Help Themselves.

He—"If there is anything I detest it's a flirty woman!"

She—Humph! Why not a flirty man?"

He—"Oh, well, a man has some excuse. Women are so attractive, you know."—New York Weekly.

One of Their Pleasant Ways.

Jaspar—"It is nonsense to tell me that Gotrox is a self-made man."

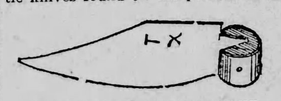
Jumpuppe—"Why?"

Jaspar—"He doesn't speak disparagingly of his parents."—Truth.

A NEAT TOOL FOR MURDER.

Queer Knives Carried by Polack Immigrants.

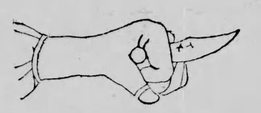
It is the duty of the immigration inspectors at Ellis Island to search all incoming foreigners for concealed weapons, and their finds include some very queer looking knives, knuckles, etc. None are stranger than the little knives found on the persons of the



POLACK IMMIGRANT'S KNIFE.

Polacks, of which a cut is given herewith. The blades of these knives are not more than three inches in length, while the handles are not more than half an inch long.

It would puzzle any one to whom it had not been explained, to know how to make use of one of these knives, but held in the manner shown in the second cut, with short handle in the middle of the closed palm, the knife blade protruding between the first and second fingers, one of these Polack knives would be a formidable weapon



HOW THE KNIFE IS HELD.

"fer jabbing," as the inspector, who captured the one from which the sketch was made, put it.

One Polish immigrant who was ordered to be sent back nearly made his escape from the room in which he was confined not long ago by vigorous use of the blade on the putty that held the window panes in place in the sash. He would have had nothing but his labor for his pains had he succeeded in getting to the ground, for the watchman outside would have been sure to see him, and even if that official had been careless, the escaping immigrant would have had a hard time of it in getting through the waters of the bay to the main land. But the strictness of the search has been doubled since then.—N. Y. Press.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP.

Some excitement has been caused at Pesth by the disappearance of a nun from a convent at Christinenstadt. Sister Viora left the convent the other day on a pretended errand of charity, and soon after was seen speaking with a gentleman. When the convent school children were returning home from mass in company with a sister a gentleman placed a letter in the hand of the nun in which the nursing sister told the prioress that although she loved them all her heart longed to be elsewhere.

Countess Tolstoi.

The Countess Tolstoi is an extremely clever woman intellectually, and one who is more than a match for her husband in his arguments. She is of necessity the financial manager of the family; has taken possession of the estate, which she administers for the good of her husband and children. She it was who issued a few years ago the cheap edition of Count Tolstoi's novels, on the royalties of which the household has been supported.

Freak of the Princess.

The Princess Maud of Wales is credited with an original freak. A little while ago she slipped away from state and went to spend a week with a lady to whom she is much attached, who had been in attendance on her, but since married. She preserved a strict incognito as Miss Wells, and enjoyed herself amazingly at tennis parties and other country house festivities. She was immensely popular.

Through a Hopeless Love Affair.

Court gossip at Berlin has it that the action of Prince Max of Saxony in assuming the tonsure, he being only just 23 years of age, was dictated by a hopeless love affair with the Processat Princess Fedore of Schleswig-Holstein, the youngest sister of the Empress of Germany, whom Dame Rumor has recently betrothed to the Italian heir apparent.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte's Library.

It is to be hoped that some endeavor will be made to secure the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte's library for the nation, though the price asked, £40,000, is considerable. It is unique, containing priceless volumes and some magnificent bindings. If it is not sold en bloc it will come under the hammer; but whether this shall be in London or in Paris is as yet undecided.

ONE OF THE BLESSINGS OF AGE.

It is the Pretty Lace Cap Which is Permitted to Gray Hairs.

An optimistic young woman declares that the compensations of old age are far more than its trials, And chief on her list of reasons why one should welcome gray hairs and hail wrinkles with joy is the lace cap.

The lace cap of this season bears out this claim made for it, says the New York World. It is the daintiest bit of headgear shown in any millinery shop. It is airier than the airiest theater toque ever made, and more delicate than the finest and whitest of

babies' hoods. It is a little "fluff" of lace, with a bunch of pink ribbons somewhere near the front and a little lace butterfly rising from them, or a bewildering concoction of lace and lavender silk, with perhaps a violet or two looking as though some youthful member of the family had dropped a flower on "grandma's" head. All the delicate shades that bring out the beauty of soft gray hair are used in combination with the lace, and any clever needlewoman can make one in an hour.

A Philosopher.

Boston Mother—Tommy, if you don't keep quiet I shall be compelled to whip you very hard.

Thomas (aetat 6)—Mother, how illogical! Does it not occur to you that a severe castigation will only have the effect of increasing the volume of sound I may be producing?—Chicago Record.

A Gentle Hint.

Late Stayer—"Why the lamp is going out."

Effie (tired and sleepy)—"I suppose it thinks it's time something went out."—Texas Siftings.

Her Gentle Hint.

Stalate—"I wish could do something to achieve notoriety."

Ethel Knox—"Why don't you try a sudden disappearance?"—Harper's Weekly.

A Japanese Puzzle.

Fred—"Did you say you were very modest?"

Blanche—"Oh, no! I'm too modest to say that."—Exchange.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AT HER BATH.

A Feminine Reporter Describes a Swell New York Bath.

Meg Merrilles, in describing a swell New York Turkish bath establishment in the New York World, says: "Most women who are wont to resort here for the pleasures of the bath have stored here a small ransom in the way of toilet bric-a-brac.

"Listen to those voices from the other side of the room! Conversation runs thus:

"'Lobster.'

"'No, a Welsh rabbit.'

"'No; let's have a lobster.

"'Let's have both.'

"Mrs. Cruger sits erect, with a slow, languid pose.

"Lobster and Welsh rabbit! Good heaven! And Mrs. Cruger falls back into a pink pillow with a pale-blue sigh.

"In a rear room rests Mrs. Croker, wife of the famous Tammany chieftain, and with her a friend. Her friend is young and nervous and high-strung, and she cannot sleep after her bath.

"She has asked Mrs. Croker what she thinks of pale-blue garters on brown stockings five times. (She asked five times how they would look one time.)

"Mrs. Croker thinks nothing could be more beautiful, unless it is a dinner gown with pale-green chiffon at the top.

"Mrs. Croker longs to sleep. Her friends says:

"'But how can one sleep after 8 o'clock in the morning?'

"Lillian Russell across the way rises cautiously to look at the being who can get up at 8 a. m. The sight wearies her, and she lets herself down softly, as if she fears to break or jar herself. She turns over and goes to sleep, while a woman rubs and kneads her, and gives her little pats.

"Miss Russell was too somnolent, too exotic in temporary mood to say anything or to exert herself, but Miss Russell did not have to.

Miss Russell was in on a Turkish bath with a ravelling across any one part of her that she thinks needs it most and make more of a figure than anybody living.

"Miss Russell is good to look at, from a professional point of view, but Miss Russell in a Turkish bath, on a Turkish divan, in a ravelling, is beautiful beyond description. Her ravelling is the blue of the skies. I thought that the principal charm of the lady was in her entire unconsciousness of the charming picture she made. The unconsciousness of self is so rare a thing under these circumstances that it is very noticeable. Miss Russell lies on her divan inert, apparently helpless.

"She is rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. She does not appear to sleep, but to be devitalized.

"For hours she is gently manipulated, gently manicured, the attendant lifting her inert limbs and replacing them gently. When she speaks it is so softly, lest she jar herself, and to her attendant her tone is as soothing as the atmosphere.

"To simply see this lady in the bath is an inducement to beauty-lovers to go.

"After all is over, her luncheon is a dainty one.

"One dislikes to remember that she doubtless has an appetite for corn beef and cabbage at the proper time. We thank her for her display of artistic sense, however, which forbids her to lunch on frankfurters after the bath.

"There is no description possible of effects. On the bath they go simply to form a very beautiful whole, and one finds it difficult to separate details and reflect that her silver brush has a butterfly with ruby eyes on the back, and that her monogrammed manicure set sparkles starrily with tiny jewels.

"Again the voice of the maiden:

"'Do you think that rock salt is better than table salt for your bath?'

"No answer.

"'You can get the sea kind for 15 cents a box—unless you pay $50 at Hudnut's.'

"Mrs. Croker breathes gently and evenly.

"The young person who can't sleep after 8 goes on reasoning.

"Even when she was silent you could hear her intellect work.

"'It stands to reason that the very fine kind should be better than a horrid, gritty kind. Only it cakes so when it is wet. You have to put cornstarch in it, don't you? But then I don't know as its caking would matter so much in a bath.'

"Mrs. Croker breathes less gently.

"The young person sighs. Then she says pathetically:

"'Oh, dear! How can one sleep after 8 o'clock in the morning?'

"Marie Jansen sticks out her other arm to be rubbed, and says, sotto voce:

"'It's just those tendencies that bring about divorces. They ought to.'

"Now, for a time there is a hush.

"After a time, while the young person is supposed to have found repose and these young women of the world have begun to feel momentarily secure, a half-asleep, half-awake voice asks:

"'Do you like spaghetti?'

"Lillian Russell again rises up, and looks at Mrs. Croker's curtains and lets herself down again.

"Mrs. Purssell drops an eclair that came from her own bakery, and looks that way.

"Marie Jansen covers her head tearfully with a pillow, and a voice repeats:

"'Do you like spaghetti?'

"The young person says:

"'Yes, with tomatoes over it.'

"'Very well, then,' says the voice of Mrs. Croker, 'we'll have some spaghetti and chicken livers; they'll wake me up if anything will.'

And at this moment is served a sumptuous luncheon for two to the wife of a man who has gone insolvent within a week. (I don't think I ought to mention her name.)

"The bill was $19.10 for two bottles and a luncheon for two."

THUNDERER'S BLUE PENCIL.

Arthur Crump Wielded It for 20 Years—His Great Baring Scoop.

Arthur Crump, who for twenty years has held the important position of city editor of the London Times, has just resigned his position. The responsibilities of the place are very great and Mr. Crump felt that it was necessary to engage in some other occupation where greater leisure and freedom can be obtained. The Thunderer, like the Philadelphia Ledger, is accustomed to pension its more important employes, and Mr. Crump will continue to draw a neat sum from the exchequer of the great establishment of Printing-House Square, although he is no longer connected with it. Mr. Crump has done a number of remarkable things during his journalistic career, but his

ARTHUR CRUMP.

biggest coup was made in connection with the failure of Baring Bros. It is no exaggeration to say that never before or since has a piece of financial intelligence of such tremendous import been the exclusive possession of any one paper. Mr. Crump, like many successful men on this side of the water, went into journalism by accident. Originally he occupied a position in the Bank of England. There he was manager of a branch of an English bank at Stockholm and became an active man on 'Change. Here he acquired that practical knowledge of finance and matters financial which made his work on the Times so remarkably successful. The position of city editor in London differs considerably from the same position on a great daily in America. Although Mr. Crump had general supervision of the entire news of the city it is very noticeable. Miss Russell lies on her divan inert, apparently helpless.

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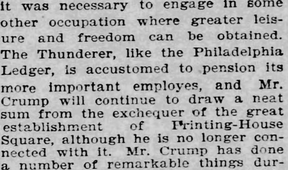
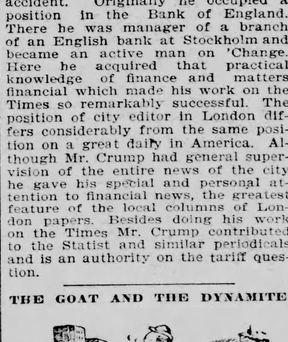
THE GOAT AND THE DYNAMITE.



1—McGinnis: Ol'l lave th' dinnermilt here 'til oi gits me grub.

2—Billy: Now ain't this a pic-nic?

3—"So its buttin' me yez be after is it? Git, or oi'l kick the loif out av yez!"



4—He kicks.

BITS OF HUMOR.

Their Colors.

Nawvice—I don't quite understand football, and couldn't follow the game very well. How can I distinguish the defeated team? I mean, what are their colors? Freshmanne—Er—black and blue.—Buffalo Courier.

Malady of the Season.

"What is the matter with Spriggins?"

"Alphabetic derangement."

"What do you mean?"

"Not enough v's and x's, and too many I O U's."—Washington Star.

A Consolation.

"Folks is allus makin' fun of de fellers dat de worl' calls 'has-beens,'" said Uncle Mose; "but it looks to me lak it am a heap better for a man to be a has-been dan to be a nebber-was."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Worth Attention.

"Whutdje t'ink," said the man with big stripes in his collar; "do we's want Hawaii, er don't we's want it?"

"Naw, we don't want it. Why der ain't enough of de place ter work up er respectable gerrymander in."—Washington Star.

American Traps.

Mrs. Meadow—I heard those city people say something about taking rides in traps. What kind of wagon be they?

Mr. Meadow—Huh! Anybody might know you'd never been to York. It's a black covered carriage et ye git into expectin' to pay 10c fare—and you git charged $5.—Puck.

The Wrong Way.

Actress—You are a divorce lawyer, I understand?

Lawyer—Yes, madam; I secure divorces without publicity.

Actress—Um—I'm in the wrong office. Good day.—New York Weekly.

Terribly Frightened.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?"

"Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

Flattering.

You do not like the photograph
That you send me? Ah, ma belle,
Would that my eyes were cameras
That could take you half so well!
—Puck.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER V

THE WARNING.

The summer sun bathed the valley of the Potomac in a soft, slumbrous light, veiling the slopes in a purplish glow. The billow-like clouds that stretched along the horizon like a limitless ocean were tinted with rarest hues of amber and crimson—tipped with gold. The rich greens that carpeted the plain dimpled and bowed to the breeze that swept broad fields of growing grain, and sighed over the slopes.

Nestling in a natural bench midway up the heights, and almost concealed by the luxurious foliage surrounding it, the residence occupied by Lacy Norton commands a view that would tax the resources of the most experienced artists. The traveler on the road winding around the base of the hill on the opposite side of the valley, also found on the slope the Norton house overlooked a charming picture into which the Norton house fitted as if nature had placed it there.

The residence cost a small fortune. It was a three-story edifice of the composite color, composed of stone and brick, with mullioned windows and fluted columns; it was large, well ventilated and in admirable order. Although it was imposing, everybody said the Norton house had an inviting look. Apparently everything had been thought of by the builder and owner.

The crown of the hill sloped far away behind it; the grounds in front of the house surprised visitors by their extent; they were well kept; laid out by an eye that appreciated artistic effects.

People of rare good taste were wont to say that Lacy Norton was the happy possessor of the art of harmonizing everything in his commodious residence, from the attic to the cellar. The drawing room contained numerous examples of fine art, the finest furniture, and the rarest velvet carpets, all purchased at fabulous prices. But in all the house there was not a pleasanter room than that the owner occupied on the morning referred to. The happy possessor of a fortune which enabled him to gratify his tastes, the skillful reader of human nature would experience little difficulty in divining, in the thousand and one trifles scattered in a household, the real bent and predominant traits of the owner of the Norton house.

As he stands near one of the windows in his library, gazing out abstractedly, let us glance at the appointments of the room he occupies the greater portion of his time. Over the mantelpiece in a line back of the window the owner is looking out of, hangs a fine engraving of Evangeline. On either side of the engraving, but a little lower, are two exquisite landscapes, perfect in every detail, glowing with color, a purchase made in Europe. At his right, overlooking a richly carved reading table, busts of Shakespeare and Dante, and a statue of Clay formed an arch that challenged the attention of visitors. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the room, a head after Guido, and an American fruit piece. A greyhound reclined upon a Turkish rug, his long nose resting upon his extended paws, looking askance at his master. Chairs of solid, richly carved walnut, Brussels carpet, brown and stone colors predominating, a Persian rug, a small clock of rare workmanship on the mantel, and book cases reaching from the floor to the ceiling completed the appointments of the room.

As the owner of this well appointed house stood looking out of the window, a servant rapped gently upon the door, and obeying his master's command, entered.

"Hannibal is in the hall, sir."

"He is early."

"He wants to speak to you."

"Send him up." Norton turned to the window again. A fine, open countenanced, well-bred man of eight and twenty, with a sparkle in his eye and a dimple in each corner of his mouth that bespoke the impulse of a boy of twenty, rather than the cultivated gentleman of twenty-eight. And yet, no one could look at Lacy Norton twice without remarking a something in his manner and expression that indicated thorough self-reliance. The rippling hair thrust carelessly back of the shell-like ear, the cleft chin, clean cut, bold profile, with no sign of irresolution, impressed close observers, while those who knew Lacy Norton best, invariably referred to him with the respect due a man whose perception of his own rights was equaled by his ability to maintain them.

Directly after the servant withdrew the door of the library was opened, and a wrinkled black face looked in.

"How do you feel this morning, Hannibal?"

Norton glanced at the old man curiously. The latter shuffled into the room slowly, looking back over his shoulder. Norton walked to the door and closed it, then pointed to a seat.

"I'se berry well, Mars' Norton," Hannibal's coal black face was shining with perspiration. He lifted a red cotton handkerchief from the hat deposited on the floor, wiped his bald head, neck and face very deliberately, then looked anxiously at Norton, who regarded him attentively.

"Berry wa'm mawning, Mars' Norton. Hope yo' ar' well 'n harty dis mawn'."

"I am very well, thank you. What is it, Hannibal?"

"I'se under speshal obligations to Chloe to stop yer. You know Chloe?"

Norton smiled. "You mean Chloe Harker, at the Pine Tree?"

"Yes, Chloe belongs to Mars Harker I reckon. She axed me to fotch a passel to you, Dinah." Hannibal paused to mop his crown. Norton was looking out of the window when the old man turned to him again. There was a lengthy silence, which was broken by Norton.

"You have something to say to me—speak out. No one is near to hear you."

"I has, Mars Norton. An' sorry I is to fotch it. Been trottin' roun' sebenty years, and I'd trot 'roun' sebenty mo' 'f 'twas my will fo' I'd kerry sech news, but pore ole man like Hannibal's no chice."

"Well?" said Norton kindly, as he advanced to him.

"Dunno as der is much to tell. I had erren pas' Pine Tree soon as Chloe sat eyes on me, she say, 'Fo' de lan's sake ef dar beant Hannibal.' 'What's lef' o' me,' I says. Den Chloe, she allus tries to bamboozle me—dat's Chloe fur yo', sayin' 'Spry ez a man of fifty, same time Chloe knows I was a rael ole coon fo' she's bawn. 'Come right in,' she says, jes like dat. 'Lemme give yo' leetle drop,' 'n I walked back froo de gate into de kitchen, 'n sat down in de cawnah, 'n Chloe she sprised me dreckly—sat down right long side o' me wid some toddy. Dat's long arly—berry arly—fo' sun up. I 'loywed 'twas prime toddy, but—well, Mars Norton, I spec Ise gettin' ole. Mebbe I'se rudder light in de stomick—dat toddy gwine right to my head—yes it did! Chloe cotched me jes as I gwine ter drop—cotched me, 'n—well, I didn't rec'lect how I got in de cawnah 'twell I heard a man's voice I knows. Dat Sam Bilger—you know Sam?"

"Very well, and I know nothing good of him," said Norton.

"Mars Norton," Hannibal's voice was lowered to a whisper, "dat Bilger's wus'n de debbil. Dey was a big crowd, all talkin', some bilin' drunk—but dat Bilger, he talked de wust, 'n de mos' 'n de loudest. How de Norf was goin' out to fight, 'n how de Souf was gwine to smash de Norf all up in hundred million pieces—dey won't be nuf lef' ob de Norf, Bilger say, to patch mitten fo' a monkey—his spress words. Dat sear me, Mars Norton—how is dat?"

"Go on—I will tell you by and by."

"De talk kep' up a' hour. Dem folks been out all de bressed night, I heard dem say. Come to Pine Tree to paht. 'Cos dey want to paht wid drink—clean full of whisky; ebry las' one! Dey talk' bout Mars Clayton—speshly young Mars Clayton—ossifer dey say. 'N Mars Mason—he ossifer, too. Dey call 'm leftaunt—"

"Leftenant."

"Dat's it leftaunt. Den dat Bilger, he say awful tings 'bout you'."

"Ah!" exclaimed Norton, with a red spot growing on his cheeks.

"Hannibal, can you remember how I was brought into the talk?"

"Come in jes natural—same ez Mason 'n Clayton. Bilger, he say, 'I'f you a'n't gwine leave right away he gwine make yo' so full ob holes de crows can't pick yo'"—dat's jes what he say."

"Well—and then?" Norton's voice was raised; his eyes flashed as he looked down the valley.

"Some say bes' give yo' mo' time—time twell yo' boun' to jine."

"You are sure you heard the word join?"

"Sartin. Dey talk jine mos' de time—all folks jinin' 'cept dem traitors dat they gwine ter kill. Mars—ders gwine ter kill yo'."

Lacy Norton looked down smilingly at Hannibal, who was trembling with suppressed excitement. Hannibal was not altogether reassured—he looked apprehensively at Norton, until the latter laughed.

"There is some mistake, Hannibal. You'd doubtless heard sufficient to mislead you—I am in no danger whatever. Do not be alarmed on my account. Did you hear them say how many there was—how many have joined the company?"

"Heard mo'n twenty times—dey talk 'bout hundred. Bilger say 'f he can't make it up twell a hundred, ders gwine ter be whole lot fo' crows to pick."

"Is that all?"

The old man rose and approached him. He lifted one long finger, warningly.

"Dis de' las' day. Dey's gwine ter fin' out whar yo' stan' dis day, 'n, 'f yo' don't jine—yo' mus' be killed. Dat's de zact words Bilger spoke. "'F yo' like de udders day sen' 'n fotch yo' to de ford ob de run, 'n den—dey'll shoot yo'. Gib yo' twell to-mor' night."

"What's that?" Norton grasped Hannibal's shoulder. The eyes that looked into Hanibal's seemed to be searching his inmost thoughts. The old man returned the look sadly. Norton paced the room. His nature rose suddenly in revolt. "They would trap me—induce me to go down the valley, and assassinate me! It is monstrous! I cannot believe it," he exclaimed mentally. Then he turned to Hannibal, who stood with downcast eyes, moving his lips, but no sound issued from them.

He was praying for Mars Norton.

"Hannibal, you are sure there was no one there that is intimate—that you see frequently with the Masons or Claytons?"

"No, Mars Norton. Dar 'tis! Dar 'tis! Dat sear'd me. Twell yo' is killed, de ossifers must be in de dark—dat' wat dat debbil Bilger say, 'n swar dem to keep der mouf shet. Mars Norton, 'f yo' jine, dat Bilger mus' find udder way to kill yo'. He pisin', he is—wus'n pisin'. 'Na 'f yo' don't jine how den, Mars? De Lord help yo', de Lord help ye all."

The Lord does help those who trust in him, Hannibal; but do not be alarmed concerning me. I will find a way to assert my independence, and protect myself for a time at least."

"I hope yo' will—dat's my pra'r Mars—I'se pray fo' yo' twell dat debbil Bilger's gwine to his Mars—de Debbil."

The old man turned and walked to the door.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to remind you that it will be best if you never breathe a word of this," said Norton.

"I don' want to die jes yet," said Hannibal, solemnly. "Jes' I do, I ope my mouf—dat's de berry las' ob Hannibal." He bowed lowly, and withdrew from the library shaking his white head.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

When Hannibal withdrew Lacy Norton turned to the window again. A servant rapped lightly on the door, entered, placed a letter and some newspapers upon a table, and silently retired unnoticed. Norton was absorbed in thought. The crisis he had dimly foreseen; that he had vainly hoped and prayed would in some way be avoided, had arrived. He could scarcely analyze his feelings.

The events of the past month were so extraordinary, so fraught with peril to the country and to himself, that he was stunned. The associations of years, the ties of kindred and of friendship, and a keen sense of his obligations to his native state, all these appealed to him on one side, while on the other was presented the chilling, unpalatable, but convincing utterances of the most illustrious builders of the republic. He had conned anew with an avidity that surprised himself the arguments of the intellectual giants who had debated in the councils of the nation. Where he expected to find the most comfort, the artillery of logic was trained against him.

Out of the mouths of the foremost advocates of secession in his native state, of men whose recent rampant utterances rendered them prominent in precipitating a conflict that in all probability would drench the land with blood, issued the most logical of all the arguments for the abolition of slavery. Their past performances, spread upon the records of their states, and faithfully recorded in the proceedings of the national legislature, bore mute testimony against their later vehement and often illogical appeals to sectional prejudice. Here and there Norton found in the speeches and writings that stirred the pulses of a past generation a clear, bold definition of principles that dwarfed the strained appeals of the noisy brood of modern orators in the South and North who advocated secession.

Norton was impressed with two things—with the lofty, self-sacrificing spirit pervading the early performances, and the love of country manifested. There was a genuineness about them that inspired confidence. Whereas the latter day utterances were molded by prejudice and hate, they were for the most part as noisy as the public clamor that called them forth, but worst of all was the stamp of the time-serving spirit that marked them.

The moderation of the arguments in favor of abolition Henry A. Wise made in the legislature of Virginia was in striking contrast with his vehement advocacy of the rights of slave-holders. His earlier performances were characterized by a generous spirit and a breadth wholly wanting in the governor's public writings and speeches. Norton experienced a feeling of humiliation as he compared the early and later performances of the chief magistrate of Virginia. The middle-aged governor shriveled, shrunk suddenly, in Norton's estimation to the dimensions of a dwarf compared with the young member of the legislature.

There were others equally prominent and active in fomenting sectional strife, whose political records contrasted them of greater inconsistencies than the public life of Governor Wise exhibited.

Reviewing the public performances of these leaders of men, Lacy Norton's faith in his kind, his veneration for his elders was destroyed. He was drifting out into the limitless sea of fatalism, when his good angel came to his rescue. There was a legend in his family that molded his will in early childhood. A great hearted Norton when environed with difficulties that would have crushed a timid soul, instead of succumbing to the stress of circumstances as his fellows did, girded up his loins anew, led a forlorn hope, and emerged from the conflict unscathed. This ancestor's example was in Norton's boyish eyes the noblest thing the human mind could conceive. So, now, the man suddenly realized the similarity of the difficulties that surrounded his courageous ancestor to those that confronted him on all sides now.

The remembrance of his ancestor was like a tonic to Norton. He swept an armful of newspapers breathing venom against the national government aside, rose and paced the floor, saying to himself, "Who would have believed six months ago that a man would be compelled to defend himself from ruffians like Bilger, simply because he had the honesty to express his political preferences?"

He looked down upon the valley, across the broad acres that were his, then compressed his lips as he mentally resolved to maintain the right of private judgment, or die in the attempt. Even as he made the resolve the crisis he apprehended was much nearer than he anticipated. A servant knocked on the door, and in answer to his summons entered.

"Some gentlemen to see you, master."

Norton darted a sharp look at the well trained boy.

"Who are they? Which way did they come? Not around the hill?"

"Yes, sir; they came over the hill."

"Are they riding? But of course they are, or you know them?"

"Some of them—yes. Two at least." The servant paused, then added, "I am pretty sure one is Mr. Bilger. I have seen him in town. Another I have seen two or three times."

Norton reflected. He looked at the newspapers lying on the floor, then gazed out of the window absent-mindedly. The slave stood motionless in the doorway awaiting his master's pleasure. At last Norton suddenly remembered an answer was expected of him.

"Send them up, Clem, and bring in some water and whisky."

A few minutes later five men filed into the library. They ranged themselves in a semi-circle as they came in, apparently resolved to maintain their position until they discharged their mission, but Norton quickly indicated seats into which his visitors subsided in a silence that would have oppressed a man less resourceful than Norton, who greeted them familiarly and somewhat unexpectedly saying, "It must be something of importance that brings you here, gentlemen? You are all welcome."

The visitors looked at each other in silence; one was on the point of speaking. He cleared his throat, but at that moment Norton in the easy, graceful manner that characterized his intercourse with all mankind, lifted a hand deprecatingly.

"One moment, gentlemen. The boy will bring in a mo' whisky presently. Then we will talk."

The servant entering at that moment, the guests solemnly devoted the next three minutes to mixing their whisky and water, and the more important ceremony of stirring the sugar in the large tumblers. Then each in his own way drank the host's health; the host reciprocated in hearty tones, and the way was paved for business. The man who cleared his throat, after looking at his companions, cast his eyes upon the floor. They seemed to be held by the pattern of the rug as he said:

"Mister Norton, we are about finishing the organization of a company, I suppose you've heard of it?"

"I have."

The clearness of Norton's tones, as well as the readiness with which he replied surprised his visitors. Their manner betrayed this much.

"Not hearing from you—Mr. Clayton, not knowing how it was, and nobody knowing whether you wanted to help, or how much you feel like giving, why we—that is, two of us sergeants concluded we would come and talk it over."

"Your company is officered, I understand."

The spokesman looked inquiringly at his fellows. Norton's clear eyes followed him; he looked searchingly into the face of his visitors. Then the spokesman, finding no assistance—his fellows were strangely silent—said suddenly, "Yes. But we might make a change."

"Provided there is a sufficient inducement." Norton smiled as his eyes swept the circle. There was no reply. The spokesman seemed to be afflicted with the infirmity that kept his fellows silent.

"Is it financial assistance you expect, gentlemen, or do you expect something more? I will be entirely frank with you. I think it strange that your officers have delegated you to come to me, instead of calling upon me, or they might have availed themselves of the post."

"That's just it, Mr. Norton," said Bilger. "It's been put off so long—nobody knowing how you felt—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Norton courteously; but there was a tumultuous beating at his heart. He

"Perhaps it is as well. If your feelings and sentiments are unalterable they may prove a shield for you and me—as long as you remain here our property may be undisturbed." Lacy sighed deeply as he added, "It is inevitable. There will be divisions in thousands of families—I am thankful that I have no brother. If I had, I doubt if I could obey the promptings of my conscience. I would not harm a brother for all the governments men have devised."

Caroline was weeping silently. She was thinking that he might meet one who was as dear to her as life itself.

"You will never fight against the South," she said suddenly, looking up at him with tearful eyes.

"I hope not—I trust not. But if I am true to my convictions, why should I not uphold them?"

"You are sacrificing me to gratify a sentiment," said his sister rising and confronting him. "Is it worse to kill a brother in battle than to leave a sister to be scorned by everybody? Can I ever hold up my head again? It would be more merciful to kill me."

"I have thought of all this; that is why I thought there could be but one alternative. You must go with me," said Norton sadly. "I do not care on my own account—it is the loss you will experience—it has held me back. If your future prospects were not affected—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Caroline scornfully, "don't consider me. Carry out your high resolve. Do not permit my future, or anything that concerns me to stand longer in your way."

Her brother did not reply. His silence was more expressive than words. He stood motionless gazing down upon the valley, a picture of mute despair. His sister's mood changed again. She rushed to his side, flung her arms around him, uttered his name in the tenderest of tones, and yielded to a fresh outburst of tears. But no more words were spoken. The brother's lips were sealed; the sister could not trust herself to utter another word. Both would have welcomed death at that minute rather than prolong the uncertainty that plunged them into the depths of despair. Lacy Norton held his sister's hands in his own, then he placed her in a chair, stooped and kissed her, and walked out of the room with uncertain steps.

He went straight to his room, and busied himself the next hour over his papers. First he examined everything bearing upon his financial affairs; the various papers were placed in order, the accounts footed, and the necessary endorsement made upon such papers as required explanation. Then he made a schedule of his property and personal effects. This when completed was enclosed with the papers, placed in a package and addressed to his sister.

Then he wrote several pages of instructions. As he wrote, he could not dispossess himself of the feeling that he was anticipating his speedy demise. The thing he was doing would attest a brother's love when he was dead. This also, was sealed in a separate envelop and placed where his sister would find it in a little time.

Last of all this young man who was sacrificing a thousand fold more in his resolve to preserve the Union than the most zealous patriot in the North, carefully examined his pistols and placed a sum of money in his pocket sufficient to meet present emergencies.

It seemed to Lacy Norton as if the surviving members of an affectionate family in looking over the things one of their dead loved most might experience such feelings as he was a prey to in the past two hours. The grave could not separate, for the time being at least, the living and dead more completely than he by his voluntary actions was severing all intercourse with his friends, and the sister that was as dear to him as life itself.

When he placed the package of papers on his escretoire, turned the key in it for the last time, and left it there, he bowed his head suddenly over it in both hands. The outburst was as brief as it was violent—when he turned his face to the window again to take a last look of the valley, his eyes shone with such a light as must have illuminated the faces of those resolute men who were the first to assert their rights at Lexington and who proved to be the vanguard of the American revolution.

As time passed, his sister's apprehensions suddenly asserted themselves in a new direction. She repaired to his room. The door was closed. She rapped upon it gently, then pushed it wide open with a throbbing heart. When she found it deserted, she thanked God. She was at least spared one horrible experience. Then she summoned the servants. One alone, a lame boy devoted to his mistress was the only person who had seen his master leave the house.

"When did he go? Which horse did he take?" Miss Norton asked quickly.

"'Bout half hour ago, missis. He took the strawberry roan—he seemed to be in 'mazing hurry. Sca'ce time to speak to me."

Miss Morton hastened back to his room; she glanced around it quickly. As her eyes rested upon the packet addressed to her, she sank on her knees before it and sobbed convulsively.

TO BE CONTINUED.

—Positive economy, peculiar merit and wonderful medicinal power are all combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it. Hood's cures.

A DEMOCRATIC LAMENTATION.

(Air—Bonnie Blue Flag.)

Oh, call me not a Democrat!
I'm weary of the name!
The pompous boast was once my pride,
But now it is my shame.
I envy, now, Republicans,
Their roosters all a-crowing,
How hearty, strong and pert they look,
Heads up, and all a-going.

Chorus:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Republican sun, hurrah!
Sound money and protection the patriotic cry.

Last year the Democrats came out,—
Oh, how I roared and yelled—
But soon, by business failures great,
My ardor all was quelled.
I thought the great millennium
Had surely come this way;
But now 'tis plain 'twas nothing more
Than Democratic bray.

We took the reins to try our hand,
We thought we'd have some fun,
But paces very few we gone,
Till in the ditch we run.
Then misery reigned throughout our land,
That spreads from coast to coast;
'Twas then we found Democracy
Was nothing but a ghost.

We said the tariff we'd reform,
We'd purge the pension roll;
But grim disgrace now frowns upon
Our men from pole to pole.
We'd purge the pension roll—ah, yes,
We pledged ourselves to do it;
But how we missed it when we stuck
Our musty fingers to it.

Oh, how I pity Democrats,
Their wives and children small,
Their horses, cows, and squealing pigs.
My heart goes out for all.
And Cleveland, how I pity him,
He sits there in disgrace;
Afraid his colors now to show,
Or e'en to show his face.

I guess I'll go and take the oath,
And join that happy band;
In truth 'tis better for us all
That they should rule our land.
For when they first we had good times,
And money plenty too;
And many men who're begging now,
Could then find work to do.

JOHN T. HAGSDALE.

A Radical Lie.

"I understand that you are the original Cleveland man."

"Yes, I am the man."

"Has he done anything for you?"

"He has not. The heart of that ungrateful man is like the desert, which absorbs the rain and produces nothing."

"Produces nothing? I don't think you read the paper."—Texas Siftings.

A Guarded Answer.

"Now confess, McBride, do you hold your wife on your lap as much now as when you were first married?" asked Barlow.

"Well, Barlow," replied McBride, "to tell the truth, I believe she sits on me rather more now than then."—Detroit Free Press.

Giving Up.

"Say, old man, you sip that wine as if it were your life-blood."

"Well, it cost enough—$50 a bottle."

"H'm! I don't wonder you feel as if you were bleeding at every pour."—Exchange.

BISMARCK AT HOME

THE IRON CHANCELLOR'S BEAUTIFUL DOMESTIC LIFE.

A Typical German Household—Sympathetic Affinity Between All the Inmates.

Any one revisiting Berlin for the first time since the first retirement of Prince Bismarck can hardly fail to be struck by a certain change out of all proportion to the time that has elapsed since that event and even unconnected therewith. The laurel-crowned busts of William the Victorious have mostly disappeared from places of public resort, and plaster casts of the Emperor William the Second have taken their place. Bismarck awaits his statue in Berlin in the only material worthy of him, and in the meantime the founder of the German Empire is boycotted in the capital. Official personages have even been known to cross the road if they see an intimate of Friedrichsruh approaching. In the country at large people are less up to date in their feelings and in their actions; and the bold Prince Bismarck retains, in spite of political faction, over the cultured classes of his countrymen—though not easily gauged by a perusal of the daily press—is as strong as ever.

Sometimes popular attachments finds an almost droll expression, as in the following authentic anecdote:

"What is the matter with you?" queries a landowner of his dejected old gamekeeper.

"Ah, Herr Baron, I know you're going to serve me like Bismarck."

"What do you mean?"

"You are going to discharge me."

"No, I shall never do that!"

"Ah," murmurs the old man half to himself, "it was a pity, after all, that the emperor sent Bismarck away. Of course he was growing old, and he couldn't have expected to draw his full salary, but it seems to me that he was still worth keeping, even if the emperor had only kept him on to take note when the old man shook his head or nodded!" Sic transit.

A recent visitor to the home of the great

PROF. DONDORF MODELING THE BUST OF BISMARCK

statesman contributes to the Pall Mall Magazine for November some reminiscences which have special interest at this time. Speaking of the domestic habits of the ex-chancellor this writer says that the family dine early (6:30). After dinner Bismarck proceeds to scan the papers, which arrive in great numbers. He marks the passages which specially interest him with a huge pencil. His grandchildren play about the room. Princess Bismarck sits opposite her husband for hours, mostly silently watching him, as if to glean from his face the sense of what he is reading, eager to enter into his every train of thought. Now and then he will look up, exchange a remark with her and relapse into reading. Regularly at about 10:30 he

BISMARCK DISCUSSING POLITICS.

retires to rest, after wishing good night all round and exchanging a kiss with each member of the family.

At times Fritze Bismarck amuses himself by reading aloud with visible gusto some of the gross abuse of which he has so often been the object in certain organs of the press. Princess Bismarck is not always in the humor to appreciate with equal zest the intellectual treat. Now and then she is so carried away as to express her displeasure rather forcibly. On such an occasion a visitor once ventured to say to the prince at table how much he was to be envied the possession of so loyal a champion. The speaker received no reply, but something very much like a fear glistening in Bismarck's eye told that he had heard the remark.

There is a genial and rare touch of sympathetic affinity between the intimates of the Bismarck household. Unlike a court, where petty enmities and jealousies abound, here common veneration seems to act as a bond of mutual sympathy and good will. Those who first met under Prince Bismarck's roof have often become lifelong friends. And to us it would appear to be that the secret of all this is to be found in the uniform characteristics which distinguish the closest associates of the Bismarck family; the genuineness, without which they would never have come to be the valued friends in a circle where a searching knowledge of human nature subjects one and all to a primary ordeal of criticism: "Be genuine." If you are that you are welcome. Once accepted, there is no pretty recurrent criticism, no attempt to detect flaws; but the welcome is as genuine as the wines in which your health is occasionally drank. No wonder that the best and oldest habitues of the Bismarck family—whatever be their position in life, politics, literature, science or art—are more or less something what the Germans call "Elementar Naturen." That is to say, they possess something of that which a German writer has acutely remarked as being so eminently characteristic of Bismarck himself—that he is one of those who can afford to stand or fall, ohne Retouche, like a bold sketch without stippling or varnish.

In the Pall Mall's article there is an interesting reference to Bismarck's physician, Professor Schweninger. To his skill and untiring devotion to his illustrious patient is due the fact that Bismarck is alive to-day. Ten years ago the doctors had given him up. Fortunately a hearty, jovial Bavarian doctor had treated Bismarck's younger son successfully, and was by him recommended to his father. And here, as so often before in every walk of life, the "one" man succeeded where the "many" failed.

"Oh, if it had not been for Schweninger!" said Bismarck. "The medical authorities—I do not care to mention names—had all given me up and tried to convince the young Munich doctor that it was no use bothering the old fellow who was suffering from cancer with the severe training of his medical treatment. But the professor has got the devil in him and when he is here—we expect him to-night—we are all in high spirits."

Behind the boisterous bonhomie of the swarthy Bavarian there lurks a powerful will, a crystalline intellect, and an extraordinary knowledge of human nature. There is something about the personal appearance of the ponderous man, with searching yes, his broad smile, revealing a powerful set of small, faultless teeth—which gives you the idea that the prowling "man with the scythe" is fain to slink off reluctantly when he encounters him. There is something in his grip of the hand which inspires confidence and his jovial laugh is a good tonic for any complaint.

The leisure of recent years passed in such a bracing spot as Friedrichsruh, surrounded by every care, has had a very beneficial effect on Prince Bismarck's health. He is in the open air most of the day, whether hand summer in the shade, walking in his grounds in the morning, driving or riding far afield in the afternoon. But wherever he may be politics still remains his all-engrossing interest. At the sight of the deer scampering hence to the thicket he exclaims: "How I used to enjoy stalking the deer of a summer evening! But politics is like a big fish, which swallows up all the little ones. It swallowed up all my hobbies. Besides, I myself have changed. Somehow it gives me more pleasure now to see the deer scampering about alive than to deface their pretty coats with a bullet mark."

The playful spirit in which Bismarck will at times enter into some of the more eventful episodes of his life is typical of the man. You feel he is conscious of the importance of the work he has accomplished, but not that it was the product of his genius—rather the result of the perversity and shortsightedness of his opponents. "The other day I happened to glance over some of my parliamentary speeches of earlier years. They struck me so favorably I could hardly believe I ever concocted them. I'm sure I couldn't have done so in after years."

A friend once talking to Count Herbert Bismarck about his father happened to say that he could not imagine Prince Bismarck covered with the conventional plethora of diamond stars and crosses—that there were only two decorations he could fancy benefiting the prince—the medal for saving life and the Order Pour le Merite. "It is curious that you should say so," replied Count Herbert, "for they just happen to be the first distinctions bestowed upon my father."

Contrary to current belief, it is a fact that Bismarck never for a moment contemplated a return to active political life from the day he first took leave of it. The keynote of his political interest is summed up in his anxiety that "little bits" should not be broken off the edifice of his life's work. His anxiety often keeps him awake at night, but nobody would guess such to be the case who has merely enjoyed the prince's company in his family circle; for, except when conversing with one whose knowledge of politics is known to the prince, they are rarely touched upon. Some frequent visitors have never had an opportunity of exchanging a single word with him on such matters.

It is a lovely summer evening. The company has adjourned onto the balcony, leading from the dining-room and overlooking the park with its expansive lake. Bismarck is stretched out on the sofa, his long pipe is brought, and Herbert Bismarck's young bride has lighted it for him. Coffee is served and everybody is in the best of humor. Hofrath von Sybel, the German historian, and an old political antagonist of Bismarcks of pre-1866 days but long since one of his most fervent admirers, has just come on a visit. He is relating some facts connected with the wonders of the heavens. Where the naked eye can only discern a few thousand stars the sensitive photographic plate reveals the presence of millions—and endless series of solar systems each far mightier perhaps than our own. Bismarck is interested, but, possibly moved by some thought connected with the sincere religious faith he not only professes but observes, with an arch, yet kindly smile: "Are they then so sure of it all?"

Somebody has brought a huge cartoon entitled "Bismarck is Coming," representing Bismarck dressed as an old gamekeeper entering the room and smoking his pipe, and a number of the members caricatured as Jesuits rushing away in all directions, while others rally round him. "Ah! that is all very fine," said Bismarck, "but if I went there I should stand quite alone!"

Nothing could exceed the simple charm of Bismarck's conversation on such occasions. Whatever the subject, he is sure to brighten it with a witty remark, or an apt quotation from one of his three favorite authors—Horace, Shakespeare and Goethe. Genuine kindliness of heart is reflected, not only in the expression of those wonderful eyes, but also in the rich tones of his singularly sympathetic voice and manner. And yet there is something indefinable, which reminds you that this man was cast in a Dsemonic mold—that he was marked by nature as one destined to "make history" and be the executor of great and stern things.

THE MODERN MOTHER

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Great Suffering

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Tremendous Roaring in the Head —Pain in the Stomach.

"To C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Two years ago I had a severe attack of the Grip, which left me in a terribly weak condition. Last winter I had another attack and was again very badly off, my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength, felt tired all the time, had roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and

Severe Sinking Pains

in my stomach. I took medicines without benefit, until, having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it, and the result is very gratifying. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to all." GEO. W. COOK, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

Question Bureau.

Governors of the States.

O. O. L., East Berkshire, Vt.: The governors of the states of the Union are:

Alabama—Thomas G. Jones, Dem.
Arkansas—Wm. M. Fishback, Dem.
California—H. H. Markham, Rep.
Colorado—D. H. Waite, Fusion.
Connecticut—L. B. Morris, Dem.
Delaware—R. J. Reynolds, Dem.
Florida—H. C. Mitchell, Dem.
Georgia—W. J. Northen, Dem.
Idaho—J. M. Burke, Dem.
Illinois—J. B. Altgeld, Dem.
Indiana—C. Mathews, Dem.
Iowa—Frank D. Jackson, Rep.
Kansas—L. D. Lewelling, Fusion.
Kentucky—J. Y. Brown, Dem.
Louisiana—M. J. Foster, Dem.
Maine—H. B. Cleaves, Rep.
Maryland—Frank Brown, Dem.
Massachusetts—Greenhalge, Rep.
Michigan—John T. Rich, Rep.
Minnesota—Knute Nelson, Rep.
Mississippi—J. M. Stone, Dem.
Missouri—Wm. J. Stone, Dem.
Montana—J. B. Richards, Rep.
Nebraska—L. Crounse, Rep.
Nevada—R. K. Colcord, Rep.
New Hampshire—J. B. Smith, Rep.
New Jersey—George T. Werts, Dem.
New York—R. P. Flower, Dem.
North Carolina—E. Carr, Dem.
North Dakota—E. C. D. Shortridge, Fusion.
Ohio—Wm. McKinley, Rep.
Oregon—S. Pennoyer, Dem.
Pennsylvania—R. E. Pattison, Dem.
Rhode Island—D. R. Brown, Rep.
South Carolina—B. R. Tillman, Dem.
South Dakota—H. Sheldon, Rep.
Tennessee—P. Turney, Dem.
Texas—J. S. Hogg, Dem.
Vermont—L. K. Fuller, Rep.
Virginia—C. T. O'Ferrall, Dem.
Washington—W. A. McCarkle, Dem.
Wisconsin—George W. Peck, Dem.
Wyoming—J. E. Osborne, Fusion.

The "Fusion" governors in the above list were elected by a fusion of Democrats and Populists.

Measuring Mountains.

M. O., West Plains, Mo., asks: "Please explain how the height of mountains, or any elevation above sea-level, is determined."

The most reliable method is by the barometer. Two carefully tested instruments are required. One of these is kept at the base of the mountain, the other carried to the summit. The one at the summit will show a lower pressure than the one at the base, and from the difference in height of the mercury the height of the mountain is computed. Tables have been prepared to show the height for all differences of the height of the mercury. A number of observations are generally taken at different times, to obtain greater accuracy.

The Per Capita Delusion.

E. F., Chapelle, S. D., writes: "Would it not be well to have some legislation with regard to the amount of money required to do business, per capita, gold and silver? Seems to me, at the rate the metals are being mined we will before long have an overplus. Should not legislation be for parity or equal amounts of each, and also both limited as to per capita?"

No legislation of this sort is needed. The whole "per capita" talk is a delusion. No man can tell what "amount per capita" is needed to transact the business of the country, nor is there any method of finding out.

Thanksgiving Day.

H., Atchison, Kan.: There is no special reason for fixing Thanksgiving Day on the last Thursday in November, nor was it always on that day, since the civil war, the President has issued a yearly proclamation for Thanksgiving. He need not do it, unless he wishes; it is simply a custom not fixed by law. The governors of the states generally issue proclamations, fixing the same day as that stated by the President, but they need not do this unless they choose. This year Gov. Pennoyer of Oregon, issued his Thanksgiving proclamation and fixed the date one week earlier than did President Cleveland. It simply has become a custom to have it on the last Thursday in November, but there is no good reason for so doing. It might just as well have been any other day. The reason Thursday was originally selected instead of some other day of the week was, at an early day, when most of our people were farmers, that day suited better than any other day of the week.

Control of Railroads.

B. A. H., Pleasant Hall, Pa., asks: "Why would it be impracticable for the government to control the railroads of this country?

It is not impracticable for the United States government to "control" the railroads, if that is what you mean. But, for instance, if the government should fix a freight rate for the roads, the law would not stand if a road should come into court and show, from its books and accounts, that it could make no profit at that rate. This would be virtual confiscation of property, which would be declared unconstitutional by our courts. Nor is there any reason why the government should go into the railway business. It is not a part of the government's functions to carry freight and passengers. There has been a good deal of loose nonsense talked on the subject of railroads, we know, and too many people have taken statements for granted which are utterly false and misleading.

The Poor.

H. A. P., Boyce City, Mich., asks: "Which of the two are the poorer—those in Germany; or those in England?"

A pauper is as poor one place as another, of course. If he has to be supported at public expense, one is badly off as another. Of the common laborers, it is hard to say which is worse off. The conditions of life are much different among the poor in the country districts of Germany, as compared with those of England; the German peasant can live well where an English laborer would be in distress; but in the cities it is about the same.

Reliability of Firms.

J. O., Meandsville, W. Va., in spite of the fact that the Rules above say we will not answer such questions, wants to know whether a certain Chicago firm is reliable, and will do what it promises. How can we tell? If we wished to find out, we would go to a mercantile agency—Dun's or Bradstreet's—and have inquiry made; and we should have to pay them for their work. J. O. will see here one reason why we won't answer such questions. Another reason is, that to say a firm or person was a swindler might bring us into a libel suit; while if we were to say it is reliable, it would be a first-class advertisement for the firm; and we expect people to pay for advertising.

Buying a Patent.

Harry Weston, O., asks: "A buys territory from a patentee for a patented article, and gets a patent deed for said territory. Must he get his patent deed recorded? If yes, where?"

The deed should be recorded, for his own protection. This is done at the office of the Commissioner of Patents, Washington. The fee is according to the number of words—for 300 words or under, $1; above that $2.

Census Figures.

F. C., Holton, Kan.: The population, white and colored, of the states for which you inquire, by the census of 1890, was as follows:

	White.	Colored.
Georgia	978,357	858,815
North Carolina	1,055,382	561,018
South Carolina	462,008	688,934
Alabama	837,718	678,489
Mississippi	544,851	742,559
Nebraska	1,046,888	8,913

Cable Messages.

H. M., Limerick, O.: A telegraphic cable does not transmit messages as rapidly as an open air wire. The interval of time between successive signals sent through a cable varies as the square of its length; and the time is the least when the thickness of the insulating coating is one-third the diameter of the compound conductor. Seventeen words a minute is about the rate on the French Atlantic cable with Thompson's syphon recorder.

Old Coins.

H. H. H., Illinois: If you cannot send your name and postoffice address, don't expect answers.

B. E. L., Harvard, Iowa: There is no premium on the cent of 1859.

A. M. B., Lowell, Mass.: There is no premium on the half dollar of 1822.

Tanning Skins.

In the recipe for this purpose, by M. H., Richfield, O., printed in the Bureau of Weekly Blade of November 23, he writes us an error was made. It should be oxalic acid and common salt, 1 pint or pound of the former to 3 pints or pounds of the latter in the given amount of water.

Miscellaneous.

D. G. B., Sylvania, O.: We know of none.

D. T., Middle River, Iowa: We do not know.

C. H., Buena Vista, Colo.: We have not such a list.

W. P. K., Coeburn, Va.: The thing is believed to be a fake.

G. H., Mason, Wis.: Look in the Farmstead for your answer.

J. B. G., Conners, Ind.: Unfortunately, we know nothing of the game.

L. A. T., Addison, W. Va.: We don't know. Never heard of such an occurrence.

T. J. S., Fellowsville, W. Va.: The story you speak of was doubtless a novel, long ago out of print.

C. E. B., Tolt, Wash.: Lord Byron had a half-sister, Augusta, by his father's daughter by his first wife.

G. W. B., Reinersville, O.: We do not know. Write to the publisher, whose name should be on the title-page.

S. H., Bishop, Cal.: The statements are simply falsehoods, made by designing demagogues to catch ignorant voters.

W. S., Pike, N. Y.: A house and lot, or anything else, purchased with a soldier's pension money, is not exempt from taxation.

A. M. M., Pattisonburg, Mo.: In a very deep well, in the temperate zones, the temperature at the water's surface varies but little.

L. C. A., Toledo, O.: No, a native-born American going to Germany or any foreign country is not obliged to become a citizen there, no matter how long he stays.

R. T. C.: Apply to the main offices of the company. Any railroad man can tell you where they are. Don't ask us such questions. They are not of general interest.

K. D., New York: We don't know the author of the quotation you send, but it is entirely wrong in its statements. Our politics are by no means as corrupt as they were in Washington's day, nor so corrupt.

J. N. G., Webb's Landing, Tenn.: If you have a violin by a celebrated maker, write to some dealer in musical instruments in New York, and ask if he can find you a purchaser on commission. We can not give addresses.

D. B. W., Springwater, N. Y., asks: William Penn's charter gave him to the 43d degree of north latitude. When did he release to the Duke of York, or any one else, the land between that line and the present north line of Pennsylvania?" We can not find the information. Who can give it?

J. E. C., Slickpoo, Ky.: We never heard of stockings being made of glass. The Libbey glass works of Toledo, had on exhibition at the World's Fair their process of spinning glass into threads, and weaving it into fabrics; and they made a glass dress of this material for the Princess Eulalie.

P. C. Y., Limestone, Tenn.: Paper is applied to a vast number of uses, aside from its ordinary ones. It is used in making washtubs, wash-basins, etc., under the name of "fibre goods;" for wall decoration, in the form of incrusta, etc.; for pipes of various kinds, and it is moulded in the form of pulp, into a vast number of ornamental forms, for a thousand different uses. There is a paper smoke-stack in Europe. Since paper pulp has been made from wood, its uses have enormously increased.

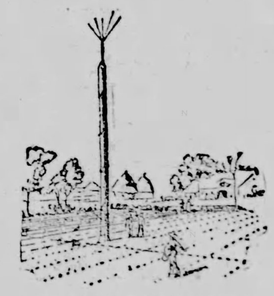
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FERTILIZING BY ELECTRICITY.

The Geomagnetifer, Invented by a French Priest.

Electricity has been utilized in France by Brother Paulin, a Catholic priest, in the promotion of the growth of vegetables and vines with decided success. It is not the electricity of the dynamo and battery that has done the work, but nature's own, as generated in the atmosphere a slight distance from the earth by the meteorological phenomena of storms, rain and wind. The invention promises



THE ELECTRICAL FERTILIZER.

to be especially valuable for growing vegetables and fruits in the vicinity of large towns.

A French paper gives particulars regarding this very promising discovery. The electricity is obtained by erecting a rosinous pole forty or sixty feet in height, and higher if possible, supporting an insulated galvanized iron rod terminating at the top in five branches of copper. At the lower end of the pole a receiver of electricity communicates with a system of iron wires spaced six feet apart which distribute the fecundating fluid throughout the whole extent of arable soil to be influenced.

In the accompanying picture the conducting wires are shown upon the surface of the earth in order to show their arrangement. In reality they are buried at such a depth as not to interfere with the work of culture. Such an installation will last for several years. The apparatus operates as long as the wires withstand rust and still permit the passage of the electric current. The apparatus is called the geomagnetifer. A height of fifty feet is suitable for thirty acres.

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the Now Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

BRILLIANTS.

Who quells a nation's wayward will
May lord it on a throne;
But he's a mightier monarch still
Who vanquishes his own.
Now power of fortune lars him low;
No treacherous smile allures;
King of himself, through weal or woe—
He conquers who endures. —Anon.

What should a man desire to leave?
A glorious work, a noble life;
Some music harmonized from strife,
Some finished thing—ere the slack hands at eve
Drop—should be his to leave.
Or, in life's homeliest, meanest spot,
With temperate step, from year to year
To move within his little sphere,
Leaving a more name to be known or not;
This is a true man's lot. —Anon.

Can he be dead? His heart was drawn to you;
Ah! will that kindred heart within him knew
The poet's heart of gold that gives his spell;
Can he be dead? Your heart being drawn to him,
How shall ev'n Death make that dear presence dim
For you who loved him—us who loved him well? —Theodore Watts.

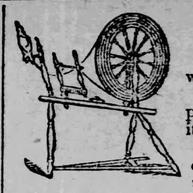
We see but half the causes of our deed,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit world,
Which, though unseen, is felt; and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes. —Lowell.

A Sufficient Reason.

He—"Do you love me, darling?"
She—"Yes, pet."
He—"Why do you love me, my own?"
She—"Because I can't tell why."—Truth.

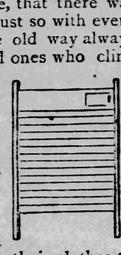
Portrait Painting in England.

Portrait painting in England received its first strong impulse from Henry VIII., who invited Holbein and Titian to England.



Too Slow

in making clothes, this was. It had to go. And yet people thought it a pretty good thing in its day. Some of them couldn't believe, all at once, that there was anything better. Just so with every improvement. The old way always has some benighted ones who cling to it to the last.



Too Fast

in ruining clothes, un-making them—that's the trouble with the washboard. But it's going now and going fast, to join the spinning-wheel. Women find it doesn't pay to rub their clothes to pieces over it. They can wash better with **Pearline**. Less work, less wear, no ruinous **rub, rub, rub.**

That's the modern way of washing—safe, easy, quick, cheap. No wonder that many women have thrown away the washboard.

Beware of imitations. 578 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

What is the Matter With the Cow?

G. H., Wisconsin: The swelling of the urinal passage of your cow may be deep seated, or only on and near the surface of the vagina. It would be impossible to say precisely what is the matter without a full examination, which should be done by a veterinarian where you reside. The only adivce the editor can give is: Take of hyposulphate of soda, 1 oz.; stir this well in a quart of tepid rain water. Wash the outer part with this and inject a pint twice a day for four or five days; then wait a few days, and if the effect is favorable inject again. Carbolic acid 1-8 oz. to a quart of water, may be used instead of the hyposulphite of soda. Also put an ounce of the soda in soft feed or chopped feed once a day for a week. Stop feeding the overripe Hungarian grass for a time. It is irritating. For the scours, change the food at once. Give a pint of raw linseed oil once a day for three days. Feed dry food, and administer this: Powdered alum, 1-2 oz.; powdered ginger, 1-2 oz. Mix and give in a quart of milk twice a day for three days.

Foul Claw in Cattle.

A. S. H., Indiana: Your cattle are suffering from foul claw. It is the result of tramping on pebbles, getting sand or other foreign substance in the cleft of the claws, foul stables, overgrowth of hoof, or scrofulous constitution. To treat, if there is too much loose horn, it must be removed. Then clean out everything of a foreign nature from the cleft of the claws. This may be done by pulling a piece of muslin through the claws dipped in strong soapsuds water, warm. If the case is a bad one, the foot should be poulticed. Take of carbolic acid 1 oz.; water, 1 quart. Stir this well. Dip a piece of heavy muslin in this and insert it between the claws. Make it sufficiently long so that it may be brought up, crossed and tied around the foot. If pus has burrowed into the foot, it must be probed to its full length and some of the solution inserted. In this case the solution should be a little stronger. A remedy that is popular in many places is: Oil of turpentine, 4 ozs.; lard, 4 ozs.; powdered sulphate of copper, 1 oz. Melt the lard and turpentine together and add the copper. After washing between the claws, insert oakum or cotton dipped in the above. Some of it should also be applied to the foot if there are cracks, as should also the carbolic acid solution. A requisite to a cure is to keep the animal on clean bedding or in a clean board stall, so that no particles of sand or soil can get between the claws. The animal may be let out on a clear day, if the ground is hard, but if there is mud or slush, it retards a cure. If the constitution is scrofulous, the disease may manifest itself again after a cure.

Ophthalmia in Horses.

S. W. L., Iowa:—Your horses are suffering from a disease known as specific opthalmia, which is a grave thing. The disease at times shifts from one eye to the other, becoming worse at each succeeding attack until finally the animal goes blind. The cause of the disease is not centainly known, but it is more frequent in stables that are not kept strictly clean than in others. If urine is permitted to accumulate on the straw or bedding in the stall, the ammonia in it causes affection of the eyes. Dark stalls will also figure in the cause. The light in a stall should be above the animal or behind him, if possible. The glare of a light on the face is bad. To treat the horses, give them each 16 ozs. of raw linseed oil, in which stir 1 oz. nitre. After this operates, give pulverized calchicum, 1 1-2 ozs; saltpetre, 2 ozs. Divide into 12 powders, and give one night and morning on the tongue. Use an injection for the eyes of 1 oz. extract of belladonna in a pint of rainwater. The eyelids should be dampened well with this.

Ropy Milk.

Mrs. A. M. T., Minnesota:—The hypo-sulphite of soda is given an ounce a day for two weeks on a bran mash or cut feed. Dishwater that has much grease in it will affect the milk. Soap acts as a cathartic if given too freely. Diseased vegetables are bad. Bisulphite of soda, 2 drms.; sulphur, 2 drms.; given once a day for a week will often overcome blue color in milk. You should give 3-4 lb. Epsom salts and afterwards 1 oz. saltpetre once a day for a week. As you have no druggist near you, a letter dropped to a druggist anywhere will bring you an answer as to the cost of hyposulphite of soda. It can be sent by mail. Let a cow have some salt to lick every day.

You Have Time Now.

The editor is aware of the fact that farmers who attend strictly to business have but little spare time. Yet writing for The Blade Farmstead would come as a pleasure during the spare time they have. At this season of the year agriculturists, fruit-growers, gardeners, stock raisers and poultry raisers have a little rest at times, and the editor of The Blade Farmstead would like to hear from all. The columns of The Blade are always open to you. Write something. It will be beneficial to others. As a medium for the spread of knowledge each one has the Farmstead, which is just that of which you should take advantage. The Grange and institute are great helps, but they cannot singly reach so great a number of people in your pursuits as The Blade. You no doubt like to hear what has been said at the Grange or institute. Why not tell that which you know through the Farmstead to well on to 700,000 readers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bloody Milk—Garget.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—The cause in nearly all cases is too much salt. Any one knows that anything a cow eats or drinks goes to make up the milk supply, and there is nothing that will curdle milk quicker than salt, and as that part of the machinery is much finer in some cows than others, salt curdles the milk in the udder and stagnates it, and then inflammation sets in. Immediate care and treatment (and this will apply also to women with sore breasts or ague in the breast) with oil of tar, applied freely and well rubbed in, will give relief at once. In the case of a woman, it is easy to heat the tar in with hot irons or a hot water bottle.—Lem. Neal, Idaho.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Acquisition of Valuable Land.

Arable land is limited in area. There are no more farms to be given away. The relation of the supply of land to the demand will soon be far in excess of the diminishing supply. During the next ten years rural land values in the United States will advance steadily and speedily, so that at the end of a quarter of a century every acre of fertile farms in the United States will certainly sell for twice or three times its present value. The wise farmer, far-seeing, who loves his home and family, will endeavor to keep them on the fruitful lands which he now consecrates as a home, and with his industry and frugality endeavor to purchase more good lands, so that his descendants may inherit health, industry, knowledge and sturdy independence.—Rural New Yorker.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every-day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

$3,000 IN GOLD!

To Be Given Away.

Do You Want It? How to Get It.

I am the Publisher of a Book of Modern House Designs, entitled

"THE MYERS HOUSES,"

(Price One Dollar.)

Containing exterior views, floor plans, sizes and arrangement of rooms, halls, etc., accompanied by reliable estimates of cost and full descriptions of modern frame and brick houses of all styles and prices, from $800.00 to $7,000.00—most of the designs being for houses COSTING LESS THAN $3,000.00. This book tells the whole story HOW TO PLAN AND BUILD MODERN HOUSES ECONOMICALLY.

In order to increase the sale of this book, and to place it in the hands of all who contemplate building in time for the ensuing building season, I have decided to offer the following premiums to purchasers of the book, all of which will be paid in GOLD:

$20.00.....to purchaser of first book	$25.00.....to purchaser of 451st book.
$10.00.....to purchaser of 25th book	$50.00.....to purchaser of 700th book.
$10.00.....to purchaser of 100th book	$50.00.....to purchaser of 1,000th book.
$10.00.....to purchaser of 150th book	$250.00.....to purchaser of 1,500th book.

Talmage's Sermon.

ELOQUENT SERMON BY DE WITT TALMAGE YESTERDAY.

Text From Job 37:10, "By the Breath of God Frost is Given."—Tribute to Nature.

Brooklyn, Dec. 4.—Before the usual throngs that, for nearly 25 years, have gathered in the first, second and third Brooklyn tabernacles successively, Dr. Talmage yesterday forenoon preached this gospel sermon, after commenting upon an appropriate Scripture lesson and giving out the most inspiriting hymns. The subject was, "The Mission of the Frost." Text, Job 37:10: "By the breath of God frost is given."

Nothing is more embarrassing to an organist or pianist than to put his finger on a key of the instrument and have it make no response. Though all the other keys are in full play, that one silence destroys the music. So in the great cathedral of nature if one part fails to praise the Lord the harmony is halted and lost. While fire and hail, snow and vapor, respond to the touch of inspiration, if the frost made no utterance, the orchestral rendering would be hopelessly damaged, and the harmony forever incomplete. I am more glad that I can tell that the white key of the frost sounds forth as mightily as any of the other keys, and when David touches it in the Psalms it sounds forth the words: "He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," and when Job touches it in my text it resounds with the words: "By the breath of God frost is given."

As no one seems disposed to discuss the mission of frost, depending on Divine help, I undertake it. This is the first Sabbath of the winter. The leaves are down. The warmth has gone out of the air. The birds have made their winged march southward. The landscape has been scattered by the autumnal equinox. The huskers have rifled the cornstalks. The night sky has shown the usual meteoric restlessness of November. Three seasons of the year are past, and the fourth, the last, has entered. Another element now comes in to bless and adorn and instruct the world. It is the frost. The palaces of this king are far up in the Arctic. Their walls are glittering congelations. Windsor castles and Tuilleries and winter palaces and Kenilworths and Alhambras of ice. Temples with pendant chandeliers of ice. Thrones of icebergs, on which eternal silence reigns. Theaters on whose stage eternal cold dramatizes eternal winter.

First, I think of Frost as a painter. He begins his work on the leaves and continues it on the window panes. With palette covered with all manner of colors in his left hand, and pencil of crystal in his right hand, he sits down before humblest bush in the latter part of September, and begins the sketching of the leaves. Now he puts upon the foliage a faint pallor, and then a touch of brown, and then a hue of orange, and last a flame of fire. The beech and ash and oak are turned, first into sunrises, and then into sunsets of vividness and splendor. All the leaves are pencilled one by one, but sometimes a whole forest in the course of a few days shows the great velocity of work. Wemlx, the Dutch painter, could make in a summer day three portraits of life size, but the frost in ten days can paint ten mountains in life size.

Standing here between the closed doors of the pictured woods and the opening doors of the transfigured window glass, I want to cure my folly and your folly of longing for glorious things in the distance, while we neglect appreciation of glorious things close by. "O, if I could only go and see the factories of lace at Brussels," says some one. Why, within twenty feet of where you awaken some December morning, you will see richer lace interwoven for your window panes by Divine fingers. "O, if I could see the factories of silk at Lyons," says some one. Why, without leaving your home, on the north side of your own house on Christmas morning you may see where the Lord has spun silken threads about your windows this way and that. Embroideries such as no one but God can work. Alas, for this glorification of the distant and this belittling of the close-by! This crossing of oceans and paying a high admission in expenses to look at that which is not half as well done as something we can see by crossing our own room, and free of charge. This praising of Raphaels hundreds of years gone, when the greatest Raphael, the frost, will soon be busy at the entrance to your own homes.

Next I speak of the frost as a physician. Standing at the gates of New York harbor autumn before last, the frost drove back the cholera, saying: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." From Memphis and New Orleans and Jacksonville he smote the fever plague till it reeled back and departed. The frost is a physician that doctors cities, nations and continents. He medicines the world. Quinine for malaria, antifebrile for typhoids, sulphonal for sleeplessness, anti-spasmodic for disturbed nerves, but in all therapeutics there is no remedy like the small pellets prepared by the cold, and no physician so skilful or so mighty as the frost.

But I must go further and speak of the frost as a jeweler. As the snow is frozen rain, so the frost is frozen dew. God transforms it from a liquid into a crystal. It is the dew glorified. In the 38th chapter of that inspired drama, the Book of Job, God says to the inspired dramatist, with ecstatic interrogation: "The hoary frost of heaven, who hath gathered the flgeh heaven, who hath gendered it?" God there asks Jacob if he knows the parentage of the frost. He inquires about its pedigree. He suggests that Job study up the frost's genealogical line. A minute before God had asked about the parentage of a rain-drop in words that years ago gave me a suggestive text for a sermon: "Hath the rain a father?" But now the Lord Almighty is catechizing Job about the frost.

The greatest jeweler of all the earth is the frost. There is nothing more wonderful in all crystallography. Some morning in December a whole continent is found besprent with diamonds, the result of one night's work by the jeweler. Do you make the depreciatory remark that the frost is impermanent and will last only two or three hours? What of that? We go into London Tower and look at the crown jewels, but we are in a procession that the guards keep moving on, and five minutes or less are your only opportunity of looking at those crown jewels, but at the crown jewels besparred of the frost in parks and fields, you may stand to look deliberately for hours, and no one to tell you to move on.

O, these regallas and diadems of beauty flung out of heaven! Kings and queens on celebrative days have come riding through the streets, throwing handfuls of silver and gold among the people, but the queen of the winter morning is the only queen rich enough to throw pearls, and the king of frost the only king rich enough to throw opals and sapphires and diamonds. Homer describes a necklace of amber given to Penelope, but the frost necklaces a continent. Let me say it will not take long for God to make up to you in the next world for all you have suffered in this. As you enter heaven he may say: "Give this man one of those towered and colonnaded palaces on that ridge of gold overlooking the sea of glass. Give this woman a home among those amaranthine blooms and between those fountains tossing in the everlasting sunlight. Give her a couch canopied with rainbows to pay her for all the fatigues of wifehood, and motherhood, and housekeeping, from which she had no rest for forty years. Cup-bearers of heaven, give these newly-arrived souls from earth the costliest beverages and roll to their door the grandest chariots, and hang on their walls the sweetest harps that ever thrummed to fingers seraphic. Chamberlains of heaven! Keepers of the King's robes! Banqueters of eternal royalty! Make up to them a hundred fold, a thousand fold, a million fold for all they suffered from swaddling clothes to shroud, and tell all those who, whether on the hills, or in the temples, or on thrones, or on jasper wall, were helped and sanctified and prepared for this heavenly realm by the mission of the frosts stand up and wave their scepters!" And I looked and behold nine-tenths of the ransomed rose to their feet, and nine-tenths of the scepters swayed to and fro in the light of the sun that never sets, and then I understood, far better than I ever did before, that troubles come for beneficent purposes, and that on the coldest nights the Aurora is brightest in the Northern heavens, and that "by the breath of God frosts is given."

FOR NERVOUSNESS
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. H. N. D. PARKER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have thoroughly tested it in nervous diseases, dyspepsia and general debility, and in every case can see great benefit from its use."

HAPPENED IN A DENTIST'S OFFICE

So Thrilling Was the Incident That the Girl Said, "Well, I Never."

As she stepped into a Clark street car every man in it turned to look at her; she greeted another girl effusively and sat down beside her, says the Chicago Tribune's truthful reporter.

"O, Dora, I've had such an experience," she panted, as she cast a coquettish glance at the young man opposite.

"You always are having experiences," grumbled her friend, "and nothing ever happens to me. It all comes of having those big, appealing eyes and that timid air, when you're not even afraid of a mouse."

"O, but this was really an awful experience and I've a mind to tell you a word about it."

"If you don't I'll think it is because it is too bad to tell."

"O, you mean thing; but I must tell somebody and I know all your secrets, so you won't dare to tell."

"Gon on, then; but don't expect me to sympathize."

"Well, you know, I went with mamma ot the dentist's to-day and—"

"O, it was the dentist, was it?"

"Not at all. I had my lovely new silver-handled umbrella with me and I leaned it against a chair in the waiting-room, determined not to lose sight of it. A few minutes later in came a splendid looking fellow, with such a mustache that I couldn't help smiling just a little at him."

"Of course."

"Well, he leaned his cane against the same chair and it knocked my umbrella down. We both stooped to pick it up and our hands met and he said, 'Pardon me,' and I blushed and said, 'Thank you.'

"I hope you had the grace not to look at him again."

"Well-er, only once or twice, and each time he was looking at me in such an admiring way. At last mamma came. As we went out I forgot my umbrella and had to go back for it, and O, Dora, he started up and seemed not to see it, and I just flew at it, where mamma was waiting. I knew I'd never hear the last of it if she caught me."

"And serve you——"

"O, and, Dora, when we got out I looked back, and he was actually following me."

"I hope you——"

"I did until mamma told me she was not walking for a wager, and at last he caught up to us and lifted his hat."

"What impudence!"

"He was holding out something to me and saying: 'I beg your pardon, miss, but this is your umbrella, and'——,

"You don't mean to say——"

"I do. I had been carrying has cane down the street and he had been chasing me to get it back."

"Well, I never," said the other girl.

NEW YORK WORLDLINESS.

"They're on their bridal tour, I think," remarked the woman who had been married long enough not to feel ashamed of it to her husband.

"Why, what on earth makes you think that?" demanded he, gazing at the couple under discussion.

"They're both dressed so wretchedly and treat each other so rudely," said she.

"Your summer must have done you a world of good," remarked the young man. "I never saw you looking so well. You'll pardon the boldness of the statement, but you are rosier than you ever were."

"Oh, do you think so?" said she. "But it really isn't the summer, you know. I'm buying my complexion at a new place—that's all."

"What's the cause of the coldness between you and Jennie, May?" asked May's mamma. "You should be particularly kind to her this winter, because her father has failed and yours hasn't."

May—That's just it! She's so stuck up that there's no standing her. She says that every one who had anything has failed and only those who hadn't enough to fall on have survived."

"I want to go to Dorchester by the next train," said the woman to the station agent at the little way station. By and by a train came thundering in.

"Is that my train?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. That train belongs to the D. and R. Railroad Company. It will take you to Dorchester, however."

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

It Comes Every Week—Only $1.75 a Year.

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This beautiful Colored Picture, "Sweet Charity," must be seen to be appreciated. Its richness of coloring commands instant attention. Its subject is a young lady of Colonial times. There is not a home that the picture will not ornament. Size 14½x21 inches. It will be sent to all new subscribers to The Companion who will cut out this offer and send it with $1.75 for a year's subscription, and in addition the paper will be sent Free to Jan., 1894, and for a full year from that date to Jan., 1895. 56

The Gift of the Year

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The Sunday School.

The Glorified Savior.

LESSON XII. DECEMBER 17 1893.

Golden Text: Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name.—Phil 2:9.

LESSON TEXT.

(Rev. 1:9-20.)

9. I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.

10. I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet.

11. Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea.

12. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks;

13. And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

14. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire;

15. And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.

16. And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.

17. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last:

18. I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.

19. Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter;

20. The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches.

Illustrative Applications.

I, John, your brother and partaker with you in the tribulation and kingdom and patience which are in Jesus (v. 9). There is nothing like a common experience as a basis of loving sympathy. If we are in any special sorrow, or trial, or bereavement, we are sure to find that no one can minister help or strength or cheer so much like some one who has passed through the same thing, or through a like thing before. And if we would be real ministers of good to others who are in greatest need, we must first experience a sense of such need ourselves. Do you consider why God has called you to unspeakable suffering of body, of mind, or of spirit? There is no other way in which he could have fitted you to speak words of unspeakable power to those who, without your aid, might utterly sink or despair. It is a high honor to which you are summoned in your thus becoming a partaker of Christ's sufferings in order that you may comfort others with the comfort wherewith he comforts you.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day (v. 10). If a Christian isn't in the Spirit on the Lord's day, he is not likely to be so on any day. "The Sabbath was made for man;" but it was made to enable man to get nearer to the Lord, not farther away from him. When you hear a man talk about every day's being alike to him, you are pretty sure to find that man wants to pursue his business or his own pleasure seven days in the week. If he counts every day the Lord's day, he finds the Sabbath the best day of all to him. If a Christian is as godly as John the evangelist, he wants to keep the Sabbath day holy unto the Lord. And such a man is surest to be in the Spirit on the Lord's day. If heaven is ever to be opened to a saint still in the flesh, it will be on the Sabbath to a saint who is then looking heavenward.

I turned to see the voice which spake with me. And having turned I saw (v. 12). If you would get the most good out of any message, you should face the speaker. Listening with your back to a preacher or teacher is a poor way of hearing anything that is said to you. And if your back is to a speaker, you must turn square around to see his face. That was a good example of John's. When he heard a voice behind him he turned to see who it was speaking. And being turned, he saw. If you are going away from the lessons of your early Christian home; if you are going away this morning from the church bells ring; if you are going away from the path of sobriety, of purity, of reverence, of prayer, of Bible reading,—you shall hear a voice behind you, crying unto you, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" And if you turn, you shall see who it is that speaks to you; and if you heed his voice, you shall live.

His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength (v. 16). Character shows in the face. A loving nature will make a loving countenance. Winsomeness of spirit will give winsomeness of expression. If a man is to be depended on as pure and true and kindly and courageous, those who see him will find assurance of this fact in his countenance. Worthiness of character stands out in the face of the worthy one. A royal nature gives a royal bearing. No wonder, then, that John saw in the countenance of the Son of God a light and a warmth, and a power as when "the sun shineth in his strength." If we would be cheered and warmed and comforted and strengthened, let us look into the face of Jesus as he is disclosed to us in his word and by his Spirit. And let us remember that just so far as we come into the likeness of Jesus, the evidence of that likeness will be shown in our faces as well as in our daily conduct before the world.

I am the first and the last, and the Living one; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades (vs. 17, 18). Jesus emphasizes the fact of his life above that of his death. He "was dead," but he is now "alive for evermore;" and as the "Living one" he has the keys of death and of the state beyond. What a comfort it is to trust in one who is "alive for evermore!" He who has power over death, and over all that comes after death, can be trusted confidently in life and death, and forevermore.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Ducal Amusement.

The Duchess of York has set up a swing for the amusement of her guests in wet weather.

CONCERNING GHOSTS.

If You Would Shine in Society This Season Study This Subject.

The New York World makes the startling announcement that the young person who would shine in social gatherings this winter must be an authority on ghosts. Moreover, she must have a store of harrowing tales, preferably personal reminiscences, which she can relate to an awed circle while the gas burns low and some one draws weird strains from a piano.

The more ghastly these tales the greater her success and the more invitations she will receive worded like this:

MISS HILL

requests the pleasure of Miss Smith's company Thursday evening to talk about ghosts.

Miss Smith will accept them all, for ghosts, like olives, are an acquired taste and one which, having been acquired, grows on one steadily. Miss Smith finds her waking and sleeping

THE TALE GROWS EXCITING.

hours thronged with spectral figures; strange dreams visit her; she sees spectres in shadows; but it is all right, for she is in society, and ghosts are the peculiar fad of 1893.

Picture Miss Smith and her friends around an open fire in an uptown library. The gas is turned low—perhaps turned out altogether. The guests, all young women, huddle on ottomans or in great easy chairs. The story-teller stands or sits before them. Graves, ghouls, untimely resurrections are discussed. Red-lipped vampires figure in weird tales; dead hands raise the coffin-lids above them. The girls' faces look ghastly in the firelight. A log falling in the grate brings shrieks to white lips.

It is all very absurd, but great fun its devotees say, for when souls have been sufficiently harrowed the evening ends pleasantly with sandwiches, bonbons and coffee.

A PEACEFUL NIGHT.

How a Squeamish Tourist Was Deceived on a Steamer.

"Some people," said an old sea captain the other day to London Tid-Bits, "are afraid of sea sickness and hesitate to travel by water because of this fear. A friend of mine came on board the steamer Plymouth the other evening in a very happy frame of mind. He had been troubled for a long time when off Southampton by a feeling of nausea, but now he was positive that he had found a way to avoid it by going to bed as soon as he came on board and remaining there until he arrived at his destination.

"On this occasion he bade me a hurried good night, climbed into his berth and in a few minutes was fast asleep. He slept like a top until 7 o'clock the next morning, with never a quarm of mal de mer to disturb his slumbers. He arose, delighted, satisfied that he had at last found a remedy for the disorder which had caused him so much misery. He went down into the dining room and ate a hearty meal, though somewhat surprised that so few passengers were stirring. Going on deck with a satisfied look on his face and a toothpick in his mouth he met me.

"Say, old man,' he exclaimed, 'that sleeping racket of mine worked like a charm. Never had a touch of it all night.'

"I smiled.

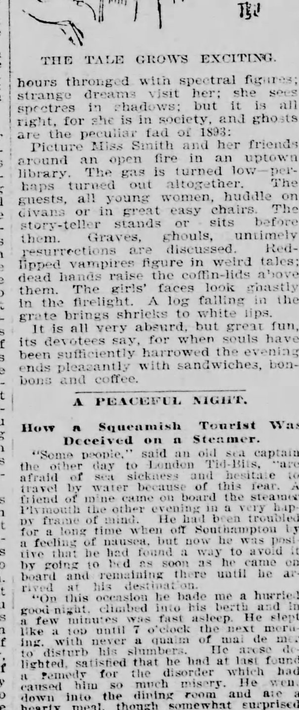
"'What are you grinning for?' he asked, in surprise.

"'Because,' I answered, 'the Plymouth has been tied to her dock all night. She has not moved a foot. There was something the matter with her machinery and we had to transfer the passengers. No one suspected that a man would go to bed at 6 o'clock and so you were overlooked in the transfer.'"

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cents a box.

A Pretty Work Table.

A pretty French work table is of white enamelled wood, with twisted uprights and triple shelves. These are treated to little mat-like coverings of Trianon blue plush, edged with antique gold galon, and invite the repose of dainty Dresden porce-



lains, little trays for knick-knacks, writing tablet, manicure requisites, etc. Brocaded satin work-bags, trimmed with lace, hang from its sides, and a candelabra, shaded with a lace frill over a pink silk junon, rests on a lace scarf on top, to provide light when its owner desires to read or sew at night.

A Tale of the Dance.

I stepped on the corn of the belle of the ball.
And then—sad the tale that I tell—
My cardamums were blasted as down
through the hall
Re-echoed the bawl of the belle.
—Truth.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

COMRADES, ATTENTION!

Beginning early in January we will begin the publication of a new and unique feature that will meet your heartiest approval.

Look out for it and tell all your comrades about it.

Watch this space for further announcements.

What Put the Fire Out.

Editor Camp Fire:—For some reason the brigade of which my regiment formed a part was kept on detached service at Gallatin, Nashville and vicinity from the beginning of '63 till February, '64, when we were ordered to report to Gen. Howard at Wauhatchie, where, after all reorganizations were completed, we were designated as the First brigade, Third division, 20th Army Corps (Hooker's).

Leaving Wauhatchie May 2, we advanced on the enemy by a somewhat circuitous route, including the climb over Taylor's Ridge and a night in Snake Creek Gap, from which we emerged about the 12th of May and came around in the vicinity of Resaca, but did not come face to face to the foe till the afternoon of the 15th, when we charged and captured a battery of four 12-pound brass Napoleons, this being our first fight.

The brigade was commanded by Gen. Ward, a Kentuckian, but he getting wounded early in the action, the command devolevd upon Col. Ben. Harrison, of the 10th Indiana. Well, 'twas a gallant charge—officers and men did faithful service.

In the Life of Gen. Harrison (campaign edition) this charge is ranked among the most gallant of the war, and although the writer drew somewhat on his imagination in some of the details, the account is well rendered in the main.

An incident will give an idea of the fire to which we were exposed. The flag of my regiment was carried into the fort and the staff stuck into the ground, the gallant bearer giving up his life. I held a corner of that flag next morning while the adjutant went over it, stripe by stripe, and counted 84 bullet holes, besides a large rent made by a charge of canister, while the staff was so nearly cut off that it had to be spliced before being used again. Mrs. Livermore, in her book, gives a picture of the old flag of the 129th Illinois and a short sketch of the engagement.

Well, when night came on the enemy changed their lines, moving rapidly to the left across the Etowah river and burning the bridges. Meantime the "shovel brigade" enlarged some of the embrasures and perfected the cannon out on the road. When daylight returned and our prizes were examined, it was found that in one of the caisson's chests, which was filled with loaded shells, the cotton that was packed over them and pressed down by the lid of the chest, had been on fire and a considerable portion of it burned, the fire having burned narrow channels over considerable space and then going out.

How the fire caught and why it went out is one of the unexplained mysteries, but it even now causes a shudder when one thinks what would have been the result had the fire found its way into one of those loaded shells.—R. Springer, Co. C, 129th Illinois.

A Snake Story.

Editor Camp Fire:—Little Tommy Wiggans, a recruit in Company F, Second Illinois Cavalry, was as brave a soldier as you would find in a half day's travel. He rose from a private in the rear rank to eighth corporal, and had the war lasted for three or four years longer he might have been promoted to third or fourth sergeant. Tommy was "awfully" afraid of snakes, centipedes, tarantulas, etc. He was always on his guard for fear that some of them would "slip up on him." Our regiment marched overland from Shreveport, La., to San Antonio, Tex., during the summer of 1865. We had strict orders about foraging, the war being over. Billy R., a member of the same company, bought some green onions (that is, he said he bought them), had them washed and cleaned and laid them down on his rubber blanket, waiting until dinner was ready. Tommy, passing by, saw the onions, and at the same time saw that Billy was not looking, "sneaked" a couple of the little green onions and put them in his pocket, and went over to his own mess and while standing around waiting for his dinner, forgot all about his onions. All of a sudden Tommy felt something cold crawling up his pants leg, he dropped down on one knee, and caught hold of his pants just above the other knee and commenced yelling at the top of his voice, s-n-a-k-e! s-n-a-k-e! s-n-a-a-k-e! boys s-n-a-k-e! come here and help, and in the meantime turning as pale as a corpse. Billy and several others ran to his relief. Tommy was hanging on to his pants-leg closely clutching the snake and holding it away from his leg with a death grip. One of the boys took out his knife, ripped open his pants-leg and out dropped a couple of Billy's onions (they had slipped through a hole in his pocket). When ever Tommy got a little funny after this all we had to do to shut him up was to say snake, and Tommy would at once "simmer down." But Tommy could never see the fun in it, it was a very serious matter with him. I can vouch for the above as being literally true. As much so as any snake story.—D. C. Welsh, late of Company F, Second Illinois Cavalry.

A Hot Skirmish.

Editor Camp Fire:—Thirty-one years ago, the 2d day of this month, we were trying to enter the town of Oxford, Miss., from the northwest. During the commencement of our engagement we halted for a short time just before crossing an open field. The Johnnies were in waiting for us on the opposite side concealed in a thicket of brush, and at once gave us a warm reception. We were not long in getting behind some of the friendly scrub oak that were standing near us. Mine was uncomfortably small so I had to compress myself in as small a space as possible. One or two balls had already struck my tree, and several more had gone waltzing around the sides of it. Soon I heard a buzzing noise, and looking out to the right and front of me saw a slug rifle ball coming sputtering along, reminding me very much of a whirl-a-gig. I saw it when its motion stopped, and lay within a few feet of where I stood. My intention was as soon as we got orders to move on to pick it up and keep it as a relic, but my thoughts were so engaged in the front that when we moved out a few moments later I had forgotten all about the spent ball.

Just before starting the enemy ceased firing, which was lucky for us. Had they held their position I don't think a man of us could have reached the opposite side of the field alive. Late in the afternoon the enemy made a second stand. We were holding our position in the brush near the road with orders to keep concealed as much as possible and not to emerge into the road. Just then a man from Co. M or H with reckless bravery stepped boldly out into the road; he was immediately shot down. Four men with a blanket ran out and brought the man back. A shot had entered the man's left breast below the heart. The wound proved fatal, although he rallied for a time.

The captain, D. M. Caldwell, received a shot in the hip. As night was upon us we now fell back hungry and cold. Then a rain sat in which greatly added to our discomfort. We soon went into camp for the night.

Notwithstanding our deplorable condition some of the boys had the sand to wander off to a rich planter's house and borrow a liberal supply of honey and a small quantity of peach brandy, which they appreciated very much, especially the latter. Very early the next morning we again started for the field of action. But a detachment of troops the day before had assaulted the town from the northeast, and late in the evening entered it, so we had nothing to do but march in unmolested and to see our victorious comrades smoking their cigars. Three days later we assaulted Coffeeville, Miss., and after a short engagement captured it.—J. B. Stouffer, Company L, Third Michigan Volunteers, V. Cavalry.

Could Not Eat the Beef.

Editor Camp Fire:—I will "tote" some fuel for the Camp Fire. The last time I brought a load I awoke a comrade of mine who I thought had been dead for years, but The Blade, through the Camp Fire, brought a response to me from Northern Kansas, and I was pleased to know that some of the 5th Ohio Battery put their dollars into The Blade—a soldier's friend. I hope many more of them take it. I get homesick to see or hear from some.

In the fall of 1862 we occupied the camps of the Johnnies who, previous to our arrival, got "marching orders," and could not wait for us to come up. Some enterprising quartermaster discovered a lot of Texas beef, which the Johnnies had left on purpose for us, I suppose. They couldn't eat it, nor could we. Nevertheless our quartermaster got several barrels for us. We cooked it, but it was "no go." It was as strong as Goliath of Gath; it was as fragrant as a gas leak, as red as the sun these beautiful fall days. We tried to do it every way, even by stewing it. Even hungry as we sometimes got, we could not make it go. So after the cooks had tried to prepare it in several ways we gave up. So one night the boys rolled what was left (several barrels) into one of the sinks which the Johnnies had also left, by mistake, I suppose. Our officers took offense at such insubordination, and had a number of the boys arrested, and court martialed the ringleaders, four in number. Their punishment was to wear a ball and chain several months.

I hope the boys take The Blade, and while they have not forgotten their harsh punishment, have forgiven it. I have even forgotten the names of the boys, all save one, whom we called the "Flying Dutchman," who was as active as a mosquito.—Andrew M. Trunk.

Too Innocent to Kill.

Editor Camp Fire:—As the weather prophets have told us that we are going to have an unusually cold, rough winter, I will bring a pine knot from the mountains of Arkansas to keep the fire blazing. In the winter of '64-'65 a detachment of the 15th and 16th Mo. Cav. Vol., commanded by Maj. R. K. Hart, was sent down into Northern Arkansas in order to move out some refugee families. We pitched our camp at Yellville, on the bank of a small stream called Crooked Creek, where we remained about three months. While we were here we foraged through the country for food for our horses, and to move out such families as wished to go North. On one occasion, when we had been out for several days, we found, on returning to camp, that the creek had so risen from recent rains since we left that we could not ford it, and were compelled to camp for the night on the opposite bank from our command. We took possession of an old barn, fed our horses, made our beds in an old shop, ate supper and, after putting out guards, were soon asleep. The next morning we went to feed our horses, when lo! they were gone! Our equipments were also missing. The "rebs" had slipped in during the night and, finding the guards asleep, had stolen our horses, etc. We followed them into the country, where we learned from some of the citizens that they said they could have killed every one of us, as we were sound asleep, but we looked like pale sleek-faced boys, and looked so innocent that their hearts failed them and they did not molest us. We lost our horses, etc., though.—J. K. P. T., Co. H, 16th Mo. Cav. Vols.

TO A GIRL.

Hath summer fled? I need not care;
This is her sunshine in thy hair.

Hath summer fled? No pinlat I speak;
Still lives her rose upon thy cheek.

Hath summer fled? She yet was wise,
And left her violet in thine eyes.

Hath summer fled? Nay, 'tis not clear—
So hath thy smile confused the year!
—New York World.

DO YOU HAVE ASHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

IRON MEN ARE AGITATED.

In discussing Professor Wilson's ad valorem tariff bill Mr. J. H. Sheadle, secretary of the Cleveland Iron Mining company, says: "In case the bill becomes a law its injuries would be many, the only question being how great. Let Cuban and Spanish ores come into the country and the Lake Superior ores that have been trying to reach the Eastern markets so long would be driven out entirely. Of course it will affect the workingmen. Where the miners have been getting a comfortable living in the Lake Superior regions they will be obliged to compete with the miners of Spain, who are working for twelve cents a day. The business of the country will not revive until it is determined what will be done with the measure. If the tariff bill proves detrimental to their interests the mills will have to begin scaling down wages."

Very Likely.

An exchange contains an article entitled: "Why Do People Have Poor Teeth?" It is probably because they cannot afford to buy good ones.—Texas Siftings.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No. Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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FACTS ABOUT THE FAIR.

Many Interesting Details of the Late Exposition.

There are many things associated with the fair just closed in Chicago that are vastly entertaining, even now, and which it was not possible during the fair's active period to group. For instance, the total attendance was over 27,000,000; the paid admissions upward of 21,000,000. The largest attendance was on Chicago day, 716,881; the smallest, on Irish day, 108,385. But if to Ireland must be given the minimum of general attendance, it must be conceded that the Irish village in itself was a drawing attraction, and Blarney Castle itself drew more than 550,000 enthusiasts to kiss the stone.

On the Midway the South Sea Islanders attracted more than 325,000 people, while 670,000 viewed the Javanese village. The Turkish village was of little general interest, while old Vienna showed up more than 700,000 paid admissions. The Ferris wheel gave rides to 1,500,000 people, and 2,275,900 inquisitive folk poked their noses into the streets of Cairo, the wonderful.

An Infantile Queen.

The little Queen of the Netherlands has just passed her fourteenth birthday. On that occasion she was presented by her mother, the queen regent, with 50 large dolls, each arranged as an officer in the Dutch army. This was to be an agreeable way of teaching her the different uniforms of soldiers holding her commissions. The little queen immediately insisted on having an equal number of dolls dressed as ladies of the court, so as to provide entertainment for the officers, who might otherwise pine for feminine society.

Trampled to Death.

Not less than 1,500 people were trampled to death in the crowds which gathered at the fete given in celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI of France, June 21, 1770.

Scrofula Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. I am now well. I am very grateful to you as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all. **Cured**

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EPILEPSY OR FITS.

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 20 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; cured, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. Hope kindly is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and a large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

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Mention this paper.

A SOLID GOLD RING FREE! TO GIRLS, Send your address if you would like one of these beautiful solid gold rings free. Your choice with cut paper one cent. No 1 is solid gold, set with genuine diamond No. 2 is solid gold with genuine turquoise stone. No. 3 is solid gold set with genuine ruby. No. 4 is solid gold with genuine emerald. No. 5 is solid gold with genuine sapphire. No. 6 is solid gold with genuine opal. No. 7 is solid gold with genuine garnet. No. 8 is solid gold with genuine pearl. No. 9 is solid gold with genuine amethyst. No. 10 is solid gold with genuine topaz. No. 11 is solid gold with genuine cameo. No. 12 is solid gold with genuine onyx. No. 13 is solid gold with genuine jet. No. 14 is solid gold with genuine coral. No. 15 is solid gold with genuine lapis lazuli. No. 16 is solid gold with genuine moss agate. No. 17

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1893.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 122,000

SNOWING US UNDER.

Our readers will remember that we urged them to renew promptly during the month in which their subscriptions expired, as each month would give us enough to do, without having orders from the previous month. The most have complied with our request, but just now we are having a lot of belated November renewals pouring in, with the result that we are behind in filling orders for the "Nasby Letters." We are at this writing over 2,000 copies behind; but we think we will get caught up this week, and have the decks clear again by next Monday morning. We want to mail the books promptly, so that you will not have to wait; and we hope, in sending your renewals, that you will renew in time, so that we can keep things right up to date.

PLEASED WITH THE BOOK.

The readers of the Weekly Blade, who have already received their copies of the "Nasby Letters," are thoroughly pleased with the volume. Below we give some recent letters on the subject:

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Publishers Blade:—I have received the "Nasby Letters," and am delighted with them, as any American, not of the Van Alen and Croker set, or the remainder of the Democratic party, must certainly be. I had intended originally to write you some sort of a criticism upon them, but on reading nearly half of them, find it impossible to do so. There are too many good things in them.

The pictures of Bascom's "grosery," that "agid salut in trousers, Deekin Pogram," that "pizen cuss, Josef Bigler," "Issaker Gavitt," have never been excelled in the United States as character sketches. They are fully up to the standard of "Celeb Mason," in the "Demagogue."

The letters on "Flat Money, which ain't never to be redeemed," except in "fresh notes;" those on the Chinese; the experiences of "Nasby" in the "Harp of Erin S'boon," and the letters on the "Irish in general, are all beyond all praise. The description of that "gileless reformer, S. J. Tilden," who, "while the bribery of the election boards of Florida and South Kerlina was being discussed at his own breakfast table, was engaged in breakin' a soft biled egg and never heard a word of it," is full of meat.

The letters on the niggers, "which is to hev their rites, purvided they vote as we tell 'em to;" those on the Southern Question; on the "Dimocratic party," (which is like its own rooster, and crows on all occasions, little or great, but lays no eggs for the people, or anything else that is useful), are as true as the day they were written.

But, there, I must stop, for, if I keep on, I will end by endorsing every letter in the volume. So let me thank you for the "Letters" and also for the "Emigrant Ship," the best story The Blade has published for a long time. Long may the said Blade flourish, and may he be the famous one of "Jack, the Giant Killer."
Sincerely, A. R. LEONARD.

Windsor, Mo., Dec. 1.—Publsers Blade:—I received the premium hook, the "Nasby Letters," in due time. I am well pleased, and would not take $10 for them if I could not get another book like it. My best wishes to the good old Blade.
P. A. TINSLEY.

Doe Run, Mo., Dec. 1, 1893.—Publishers Blade—Accept my thanks for the "Nasby Letters" as a premium with your valuable paper. Money could not buy the book from me, and the much complained of 16th page I prize beyond price. I have always been a Republican of the A. Lincoln, D. R. Locke and Wm. McKinley kind. I believe in America and American industries, first, last and forever. I am one of Illinois's first three year volunteers, can show a clean record of four years and nine months continued service in the 28th Illinois Infantry; could write many funny incidents but I consider that all bosh; better get about and do something, than sit and brag about what has been done.

As P. V. would say, "Rah, rah, rah for McKinley in 1896!" Yours truly,
JOS. A. HANKS.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., Dec. 1.—Publishers Blade—The "Nasby Letters" and The Blade to hand. To say that I am pleased with both would be putting it tamely. I was a close reader of the Nasby Letters as they were being published years ago, and they have lost none of their freshness at this late day. Many of them are applicable to the political issues of the present time, or, rather the same issues then discussed are still before the country. I love the Camp Fire yarns, having worn the blue in two wars and having a love for reading war incidents. I love to follow the "boys" through their camp life. Long wave Old Glory, and may the blue never fade. T. W. PARSONS.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

Here is what our friends say of the excellence of the new Blade Sewing Machine:

St. Charles, Nov. 22, 1893—Publishers Blade—Received the sewing machine on October 20. I am well pleased with it. I can recommend it as a good machine and as an easy running one. Respectfully yours, MRS. JESSIE HOLLOWELL.

ENGLAND LIKES IT.

The Wilson low-tariff bill pleases the English people. They think it excellent as far as it goes, and wish it went still further in putting manufactured articles on the free list, or in imposing only nominal duties thereon. The London Times says editorially of the measure:

> The tariff bill as drawn is a bold and comprehensive measure of reform. The free list would probably be more pleasing to British exporters if it contained more substantial reductions on manufactured articles, although there is room for hope of material relief regarding many of these. There can hardly be any general revival of confidence or any return of prosperity in the states while business is in its present stagnant condition, anything leading to a solution of the fiscal difficulties, therefore, is welcome. We rejoice on general grounds that the Democrats appear bent upon making a serious and strenuous effort to end the existing uncertainties.

We do not see that the government's "fiscal difficulties"—that is, the fact that the revenues are not equal to the expenditures—are going to be removed by the Wilson bill. It reduces the revenues some forty or fifty million dollars by the reduction or abolition of duties. This must be made up, and enough more be raised to make the revenue equal the demands upon it, by taxation in some other form. It may be an income tax, or an increase in internal revenue taxation; but it will come out of the pockets of the people, all the same.

The progressive reduction of the sugar bounty by one-eighth each year reminds one of Mrs. Partington's method of killing a chicken. The tender-hearted old lady could not bear to decapitate the fowl at one stroke of the hatchet, and therefore administered several preliminary chops "to kinder git the chicken used to it."

The Democratic administration is inspiring confidence. A whisky distillery at Cincinnati has resumed operations.

TILLMAN'S LIQUOR MESSAGE.

The annual message of Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, is the first official document to give the results of the workings of the much-discussed "dispensary law" in that state. As this went into effect on July 1, the governor is able to show its operations for only one-third of a year. At the time his message was penned, there were 50 dispensaries in the state. The net profits to the state were over $32,000 for the first four months; yet the governor admits that not more than half the liquor consumed in the state in that period passed through the dispensary. As is usual when a new restrictive law goes into operation, there is a concerted effort to evade its provisions. The railroads of the state are the principal offenders, as they bring liquor in contrary to law. Governor Tillman says "there is hardly a train entering the state, day or night, passenger of freight, which does not haul contraband liquor."

The reports from 33 towns, from July 1 to September 30, showed a total of arrests for drunkenness and disorderly conduct of 518, as compared with 808 for the same time in 1892. The governor uses these figures as tentative proof that the dispensary system is "the best method of controlling the evils which are inherent, and inseparable from, the intemperate use of liquors." While he does not base his support of the law on the fact of its being a revenue measure, as it was not enacted for that purpose, he declares the traffic is a proper subject of taxation. He disclaims that the dispensary system is as good as absolute prohibition would be, but adds: "I do say that prohibition, here or anywhere else, is impossible, and the only question is how to minimize the inevitable injury to society, inseparable from the sale of liquor under any circumstances." He enumerates the following reasons why the dispensary system is superior to any form of license:

1st. The element of personal profit is destroyed, thereby removing the incentive to increase sales.

2d. A pure article is guaranteed, as it is subject to chemical analysis.

3d. The consumer obtains honest measure of standard strength.

4th. Treating is stopped, as the bottles are not opened on the premises.

5th. It is only sold in the daytime; this under a regulation of the board and not under the law.

6th. The concomitants of ice, sugar, lemons, etc., being removed, there is not the same inclination to drink remaining, and the closing of the saloons, especially at night, and the prohibition of its use by the drink, destroy the enticements and temptations which lead so many men and boys to be led astray and enter on the downward course.

7th. It is sold only for cash, and there is no longer "chalking up" for daily drinks against pay-day. The workingman buys his bottle of whisky Saturday night and carries the rest of his wages home.

8th. Gambling dens, poor rooms and low houses, which have hitherto been run almost invariably in connection with the saloons, which were thus a stimulus to vice, separated from the sale of liquor, have had their patronage reduced to a minimum, and therefore necessarily follow a decrease of crime.

9th. The local whisky rings, which have been the curse of every municipality in the state, and have always controlled municipal elections, have been torn up root and branch, and the influence of the barkeeper as a political manipulator is absolutely destroyed. The police, removed from the control of these disturbing elements, will enforce the law against evil doing with more vigor, and a higher tone and greater purity in all governmental affairs must result.

It will thus be seen that Governor Tillman devotes his message largely to a plea for the principle of the law. He does this by way of preface to his recommendation as to changes in details. A new bill, embodying his ideas, will be presented to the legislature. He says the workings of the law have shown that the penalties it imposes are too severe, and the methods of securing punishment are such that it is almost impossible to secure a conviction. Grand juries will not bring in true bills, and petit juries will not find verdicts of guilty, where the punishments are excessive. We believe these statements to be correct. A too stringent law defeats its own purposes by securing immunity for its violators, because the punishments would be more severe than the jury think the offense merits. He favors such a change in the law as will impose the duty of trying offenders upon a special justice, with power to commit the offender to the chain gang, or to the penitentiary for thirty days, or fine him not to exceed $100. A number of other changes will be suggested in the bill. All persons interested in the problem of dealing with the drink evil will be glad to see the dispensary plan have a full trial, extending over several years, so that a correct judgment may be had of the merits of this plan to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A Washington special says Gresham admits that the administration has no hope that Liliuokalani will be returned to the Hawaiian throne. He says that it was expected she would force her way back upon the throne as soon as she was assured of the moral if not the armed support of the United States government. Instead of this, she has doggedly refused to make the attempt, because she feared she would be placed under obligations to this government when she desires a protectorate from England. This means failure for the Cleveland administration, as well as disgrace. Does Cleveland mean to allow England to complete her circle about the United States by grasping the key to the Pacific? If he does, he will go down under the storm of public opinion.

The annual report of the secretary of War shows that considerable progress have been made in the manufacture of heavy ordnance and the construction of sea coast defenses. The need of continued work in this line is emphasized. There is no effort on his part to depart from the policy in this regard inaugurated by previous Republican administrations.

Tom Reed thinks the tariff bill was framed in ignorance of its effects, rather than from a desire to destroy American industries. Speaking to a member of the Ways and Means committee recently on the subject of that measure, he said: "My friend, I do not in the least fear your malice; I fear your ignorance."

European comment on the Wilson bill is uniformly of approval, because it means a wider market here for their manufactures, and more work for their laboring class. But, per contra, it means less work and lower wages for American workingmen.

Away back in the '60's, when an income tax was proposed, to help raise the vast sums needed to carry on the war, the Democrats shouted that it was "unconstitutional," now half of them are eager to have one imposed.

Van Alen's resignation is the one thing which redeems him in public estimation.

The Cobden club should make Wilson an honorary member.

THAT MESSAGE.

The annual message of the President of the United States is a disappointing document. Much of it is a rehash of the reports of the various Cabinet ministers, with the several recommendations which they make as to legislation on subjects within their purview. There is in the whole document but little that is new.

On the Hawaiian matter the President recites the history of the revolution; coincides with Blount that the American minister gave aid and comfort to the revolutionists, and that the overthrow of the monarchy would have been impossible had he not aided—statements which are certainly not yet established—and states, in guarded language, that he thought the proper course was to restore the monarchy. Minister Willis was sent out with instructions to do this, but up to last reports had not done so.

On the subject of the tariff, Clevelands commends the Wilson bill, recites by rote some shop-worn free trade arguments, and urges Congressmen not to allow "local influences" to control their votes, but to put the measure through promptly. This foreshadows executive pressure to accomplish this, by similar methods to those used in forcing the bill repealing the Sherman law.

A heavy deficit in the revenues is acknowledged, and the information given that the Wilson bill will contain an income tax provision, to provide funds to meet the deficiency. It is recommended, too, that the authorization to the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds shall be made explicit by new legislation; and a plea is made against any legislation as to silver.

The work of civil service reform is commended, and a demand is made that the "free seeds" perquisite of Congressmen shall be cut off. As for the remainder, it is not above the dull, dead level of mediocrity. The language in which the document is couched is "Clevelandese," running to labored diction and platitudinous verbosity, but there are no phrases that are likely to catch the public ear, as did his "public office is a public trust," and others which the reader will at once recall.

The policy outlined is to pass the Wilson bill with an income tax addition, not to meddle with silver, and to cut all appropriations to the narrowest limit. There is the message in a nutshell.

VAN ALEN WON'T PLAY.

The caustic of public criticism and condemnation has at last penetrated the self-conceit and assurance of Van Alen, the Anglomaniac dude, and he has resigned the appointment as minister to Italy. He admits, in his letter, that he "put up" $50,000 for the Democratic campaign fund in 1892, but says that he did not consider that this created any obligation to him whatever.

But the President's pachydermatous envelope of self-sufficiency was too thick to be thus burned through, and he begged Van Alen to withdraw his resignation. He insisted that the outrage involved in the appointment of a man without any special fitness for the place, with no record even of party service of the higher and legitimate class to recommend him, and whose appointment, we still believe, was dictated by his heavy cash contribution, should be continued, in defiance of the popular feeling. If anything more were needed to show the aristocratic bent of mind of our modern Caesar, this will supply it.

It is to Van Alen's credit that he refused Cleveland's overture. He has had enough of it, and don't propose to defy the people's will, so plainly expressed in his case. He leaves that for the Consecrated One, whose chumpy self-sufficiency is proof, apparently, against the most earnest and indignant protests of an outraged people.

THE GROWING DEFICIENCY.

It is a singular fact in our political history that the Democratic party has never been able to handle national finances with any success. The success of that party at the Presidential and Congressional elections of 1892 was followed very speedily by a business prostration, due to the belief that a complete tearing-up of the protective system would follow. The financial panic, caused by the dangerous decline in the gold reserve, and the steady increase in the volume of credit money under the Sherman law, sharply accentuated the business depression. As one result, our imports have largely fallen off, and the revenues of the government are less than its expenses; and this condition, it is clear, will grow worse during the coming year.

It is certain that our imports will largely decline. No one is going to import foreign goods and pay the present scale of duties, with the certainty that when the Wilson bill goes into effect the same goods can be imported at far lower duties. As that measure cannot become operative for six or eight months, the administration is "confronted with a condition, not a theory"—the certainty that for more than half a year our import trade will be at a minimum, and the revenue consequently still less than it is now.

Already all sorts of expedients have been resorted to. The gold reserve has been cut into, the balances in the national banks designated as depositaries have been run down to the lowest point reached for years, the appropriations for public buildings and other improvements have been used to meet current expenses—a thing which smacks of illegality. All these are, of course, only temporary stopgaps; the deficiency still goes on, and some radical step must be taken to replenish Uncle Sam's pocket-book.

One scheme for doing this is to issue bonds—that is, to borrow the money to meet the deficiency in revenue. This will by no means be popular with the people. Ever since 1865 they have seen the bonded debt diminished by millions of dollars every year, thus lightening the interest burden; and they will not allow the contrary course to be taken without strong protest. Another proposition is to increase the internal revenue tax and make it apply to whisky in bond. This would cause a rush to pay the present tax before the new law could go into effect, and would put over a quarter of a million into the Treasury at once. What will be done, however, is uncertain, for the Democratic party is always at sea in handling the money affairs of the nation.

The President doesn't seem to have heard the result of the November elections.

The Wilson tariff bill makes the House the center of interest at Washington.

Mr. Cleveland has his team of wild horses on his hands again.

GETTING TOGETHER ON SILVER.

A correspondent at Garden City, Kan., sends us a long letter discussing a recent editorial in The Blade under the caption, "Get Together on Silver." Unfortunately he, like so many of our correspondents on political topics, makes his letter entirely too long to give entire. We will, therefore, quote enough to give his position on the main points, as a basis for discussion of the topic:

Editor Blade:—You assert that the Republican party east of the Mississippi, and many Republicans West, are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the present ratio. In this conclusion you are doubtless correct. I am grateful to note your willingness to see an enlarged use of silver, for I have been pained to read your editorials so strenuously supporting the efforts of his obesity, Grover Cleveland, to have the Sherman law repealed. I have never for a moment believed that this law was any serious menace to our financial system, because its effect was simply to put in circulation the amount of money necessary to purchase 54,000,000 ounces of silver per annum, and so long as the people were willing to accept silver in payment of salaries or other obligations of the government there was no need of alarm.

If the laws of our country required all duties on imports to be paid in gold and internal revenue payments to be made in silver or gold, it seems to me the ratio of the two metals could be maintained and we could in this way utilize our home product and prevent bringing the country to a single silver standard, which seems to be the dread of those who are not at all afraid of a single gold standard.

Ever since the first Congress met it has been the practice to make large appropriations for the benefit of the East and South in the improvement of rivers and harbors, and in this way the bulk of government receipts has been disbursed. The West now believes the time has come to recognize the West and appropriate money to divert some of the water, which annually devastates the lower Mississippi country, and render it available for irrigating the country near the source of the Missouri, Platt and Arkansas rivers. We believe this would be a successful and profitable method of increasing the currency of the country and getting it into circulation, and at the same time provide additional lands for homestead entry to replenish our rapidly vanishing public domain. An appropriation for this purpose will be asked of the ensuing Congress, and we shall note the position taken by the Republicans of the East with a good deal of interest.

The Blade has never been opposed to all possible increase of the volume of actual money in the country. We do not believe in flooding the country with a vast volume of credit money—paper—as we were compelled to do during the war. The depreciation of the greenbacks ought to teach our people that lesson for all time. Nor do we believe in any coin which is made an unlimited legal tender, but which does not contain its face value in bullion, and which is not recognized as a money of final redemption in settling exchanges by all the commercial nations of the world with which we have dealings. The fiat of the United States can not create value. The value of any coin in international exchange depends on the market value of the bullion in it, nor can we control that value, or fix it arbitrarily. It is beyond the power of any one government to do so.

The Sherman law was a serious menace to our financial stability for the reason that it was steadily increasing the volume of credit money, while the basis of that credit, in money of international final redemption—gold—was not increasing. And every man fully acquainted with finance knew that if the government exercised its right to redeem those notes in silver alone, the full to a silver standard, and a dollar of only about 57 per cent. in purchasing value, would come at once. Furthermore, its repeal leaves the way open to legislation for increasing our currency by sounder and safer methods.

To say that "the people" were willing to accept silver in payment of obligations is not a true statement. It is only true so long as the silver is held to its face value, and in no danger of dropping to the bullion value. People accept it just as they do paper money—which they do not want unless they know its redemption in full-value coin is certain.

Our correspondent's idea of maintaining the parity of silver and gold coin by having duties paid on the latter, etc., shows his failure to grasp the fact that the problem is world-wide, and not confined to this country. The trouble lies in the fact of the abandonment of silver as a money of international exchange by all nations. It can only be rehabilitated by concerted action among all commercial nations. He should make himself understand that there is no possibility of the establishment of free coinage of silver, with unlimited legal tender powers, by the United States, at the present ratio, under present circumstances. It would unfailingly bring us to the silver standard, and we are not going to Mexicanize our currency.

Furthermore, he should get clearly into his mind that there is no objection in the East to increasing the volume of the currency to any degree, so long as that increase is in honest money—not paper credit money, nor coin which bears a lie on its face. Everybody is willing to have the amount of money in the country doubled or tripled. We can not have too much actual, full-value money. But the remainder of the country is not going to yield to the demand of a part of the people of a few states for inflation of the currency with either unlimited greenbacks or light-weight silver dollars.

Our friend's ideas concerning the sums spent on rivers and harbors need revision. The waterways and harbors of the country help our commerce, and this benefits the whole country, not just the localities where these improvements took place. The grain trade of the Lakes, for instance, cheapens transportation rates for the six months of navigation, and this cheapening inures directly to the benefit of every farmer who markets grain. These improvements are not made because they are in the East, but for the benefit of the nation's commerce. The producer pays the freight every time; the improvement of rivers and harbors increases commerce and cheapens freight rates, and the producer, whether he runs a farm in Montana or an iron mine in Michigan or Alabama, or a lead mine in Missouri, or a cotton plantation in Louisiana, reaps the benefit in paying less to get his products to market.

As to the reclamation of the arid lands of the West, we are heartily in favor of it. Public attention in the East has never been generally drawn to it, however, and we doubt whether the present Democratic Congress will do anything in the matter. The question of how to raise the needed money will be a pressing one on this body. Congress can not create money, as some people appear to think. If it can not raise it by taxation, or does not deem it proper to do so, then the question comes, shall money be borrowed for the purpose? There will come a howl about "increasing the debt," with which we are all familiar. Our Western friends should print all the information necessary to enable men to for a clear and intelligent opinion on the subject in compact form, and secure its publication all over the country East of the Missouri river. That is the road to success.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have been asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

WILL THE WILSON BILL PASS?

We note that the great majority of the Republican newspapers, hearing the chorus of disapproval of the Wilson low tariff bill which comes up from the people everywhere, are assuming that the measure will not pass Congress—or, if it does, it will be so amended as to modify all its radical provisions.

We do not believe this. We think the bill will become a law. And while we believe it will be somewhat amended, we do not hope that these amendments will change its un-American character in any degree. It will still be a bill admitting raw materials free, cutting duties on competing products far below the line of protection, and substituting ad valorem for specific duties on all important imports.

The Democratic party, when in power, has never been noted for obedience to the will of the people. Your true Bourbon never changes his own opinions, and cannot understand that other men can do so. The Democratic majority in Congress is composed of men who have talked the theories of free trade for years; they accept them as fundamental truths, instead of what they really are—the dicta of scholiasts, not knowing the needs of actual business, and ignorant of the facts on which alone safe legislation can be based.

Again, the Wilson bill has been drawn under the advice of the President, who approves of it. The people know well how stubborn that individual is when he has determined on a course of action. His unbending will, his intolerance of any amendment to a measure which meets his approval, were clearly illustrated in the battle over the repeal of the Sherman law, which was driven through Congress—and especially through the Senate—by Cleveland himself. We anticipate a similar result with the Wilson bill. There will be no difficulty in getting it through the House, even in its present shape. When it comes to the Senate, a struggle is expected by many, owing to the narrowness of the Democratic majority in that body. We do not share any hope of successful modification in that body.

There is talk, too, of the Republican minority in the Senate resorting to the same tactics of obstruction that were used by the silver men against the repeal of the Sherman law—even to the point of preventing the passage of the Wilson bill. On this point, we believe the Republican Senators should compel a full and exhaustive debate on the measure. Its provisions should be held up to the public gaze, and the full effect of each should be made fully known. The injury each schedule will do to American industry should be fully shown, that the people may clearly understand it, and realize the responsibility of the Democratic party therefor. When this is thoroughly done—when exhaustive debate on the whole measure has been had, and the people clearly understand what to expect from the measure—the minority should allow the Democratic majority to pass the bill, if it chooses to accept the responsibility. Let the majority have its constitutional rights, and accept the verdict of the people on its action.

The free traders claim that if the duty were abolished, Nova Scotia coal would to a large extent take the place of American coal in our manufacturing establishments. That would mean sending money to Nova Scotia instead of paying it to the miners of this country. But we fail to see how the doctrine of a "tariff for revenue only" can justify legislation for the express benefit of manufacturers and to the ruinous injury of coal producers, especially considering that the proposed change will cut off all possibility of revenue from imports of coal.

The officers of a "guarantee investment company" have been convicted in the United States court at Chicago of having used the mails for improper purposes—namely, the running of a lottery scheme in disguise. The company recently advertised that in the past thirteen months it had paid $189,000 to 189 members at an average cost of $30 to each one. It is singular that any one should be green enough to invest money in so transparent a trap as this.

A Democratic scheme is on foot to steal the New York Senate. The state board of canvassers is expected to do the dirty job of defrauding two Republicans out of their seats. The tremendous defeat Judge Maynard received at the polls for doing the same thing two years ago does not seem to daunt the gang which is "running things" at Albany.

Milliners and dry goods merchants, especially those who are Democrats, are delighted of course, with the placing of all wearing apparel in the free list, in the Wilson tariff bill.

BACK TO HIS NATIVE JUNGLE.

"Oh deah me: How I do dread returning to this howibly uncivilized throne to rule ovah these creatures, aftah having such a delightful time at the Midway Plazoons. Don-che know—wow!

INCREASING OHIO'S REVENUES.

The defeat of the taxation amendment to the constitution of Ohio places upon the newly-elected General Assembly the necessity of boldly facing the fact that the revenues of the state are not large enough to meet the expenditures required, and of devising some means of supplying the deficiency through the exercise of the taxing powers placed in its hands by the present constitution. Had the amendment passed, the Assembly would have had full power to tax anything it might see fit, as it placed the subjects of taxation all within the control of that body. Its failure to pass, however, throws the legislature back upon the things heretofore subject to taxation.

No legislature is willing to resort to the radical measure of raising the general rate of taxation. A howl would go up from the tax-payers, from the lake to the river, that would cut short many a promising legislative career, and relegate every member, bold enough to vote therefor, to private life as soon as the people could get a chance to register their opinion at the polls. Some other means must be devised to increase the state's revenues.

In this dilemma, it is not strange that the legislators have turned toward an increase of the Dow liquor tax as a means of replenishing the state's exchequer. This tax in Ohio is lower than in many other states. It could be raised to $500 per year without difficulty. In point of fact, in many states it ranges even higher—from $750 to $1,000, and even more, in some instances. The argument is brought forward that any large increase of the tax would so diminish the number of saloons that no greater revenue would be derived therefrom than is now raised. The experience of other states, however, negatives this. The profits of the business are too large for such a wholesale reduction in the number of the saloons. A doubling of the tax would nearly double the income derived from the Dow law; and it seems probable that a substantial increase in this tax is one of the things that will be accomplished at the coming session.

POWDERLY AND THE K. OF L.

The retirement of Mr. Powderly from the position of Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor opens the way for a solution of the vexed question whether Mr. Powderly made the Knights a powerful organization or whether the Knights made Mr. Powderly a great man as an organizer and leader. This has been a much-discussed point, and the future will tell which position was the true one. If Mr. Powderly's genius made the order, it will decline, now that his directing hand is removed; if it does not, we may justly assume that the order was not dependent on that gentleman for either brains or growth.

There had grown up among the Knights a faction in antagonism to Mr. Powderly; and it had become so strong that his retirement was the best thing for all concerned. For, if he had lost the confidence of a large portion of the membership, all possibility of his usefulness to the order were gone, and his official course was bound to be marked by so great a degree of friction as to nullify all the good he might do, and his position would by no means have been either pleasant or desirable. A house divided against itself cannot stand; and the Knights, divided into two warring factions, were declining in numbers and influence. If Mr. Sovereign, the new chief, can command the respect and esteem of the whole membership, and the cordial co-operation of the executive board, the order may again prosper; but if its prosperity depended upon Mr. Powderly, it will decline, and lose what prestige and power still inhere in its organization.

The annual report of Secretary of the Navy Herbert is testimony to the soundness of the policy, planned under Arthur's administration, of building a new American navy, and which policy received its greatest impulse during the administration of President Harrison. Herbert's report is largely made up of a summary of the progress made in naval construction since the inauguration of the new steel navy. The report shows that the United States is still seventh in the rank of naval powers. The secretary urges that more battleships be built, following closely in the line set by his Republican predecessors.

A steel rail manufacturer at Pittsburg was asked what he had to say on the deep cut in the duty on steel rails made by the Wilson bill. His reply went to the kernel of the matter: "I don't care what rate they fix. I can make them in competition with English makers—but the workmen will have to work for the English scale of wages." The tariff is a question of wages, pure and simple.

Governor Waite, of Colorado, thinks the legislature of Colorado has the right to make foreign silver coin a legal tender in that state. The governor forgets that Congress has the sole right to fix the value of foreign coin, and he will also find the Supreme court of the United States will have a word to say concerning his scheme.

The cables devote entirely too much attention to the Pope. They neglect the Patriarch of the Greek church, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the heads of other spiritual bodies.

The fight over the sugar schedule in Congress promises to be a hot one. Probably it will be a caramel schedule by the time it gets through.

TO ALL OLD SOLDIERS.

We are just completing arrangements for one of the most remarkable features ever given the readers of The Blade. It will be of the greatest possible interest to every old soldier, and the children of soldiers. It will begin in the Weekly Blade early in January, and will we are sure create a genuine sensation. Further announcements will be made as the details of the plan are completed.

SILVER IN RUSSIA.

Russia appears to be on the eve of a very important change in her monetary system. It may possible be not as well known as it should be that Russia is a large producer of gold—the mines in the Ural mountains being very productive. In fact, Russia is one of the four greatest gold-producing countries in the world, the other three being the United States, Australia and South Africa. Gold is her monetary standard, and there are $400,000,000 in the yellow metal hoarded in the Czar's treasury, in anticipation of the great war which is some day coming. Meanwhile the currency is paper, and there being an over issue it is depraciated. The amount of "uncovered" paper in circulation is about $500,000,000.

Now it is said that the Russian government proposes to replace this paper with silver. It is not intended to go to the silver standard, but to maintain silver at the gold standard, as France has done since 1878, and as we are doing now—by issuing a fixed quantity, enough to replace all the uncovered paper, and not add thereto. The amount of silver coin in circulation in Russia is only about 58 cents per capita. The $500,000,000 of uncovered paper is about $4.42 per capita. Replacing this with silver will thus give about $4.95 per capita of that metal. As the first step in this process, an order has been issued that hereafter the silver rouble shall be receivable for customs duties at only 55 copecks, while the paper rouble is receivable at 60 copecks. This will reduce the silver to a point nearer its bullion value.

The process of the conversion of this vast volume of paper money will be slow; for if Russia used the entire silver production of the world, it would require about three years to furnish enough bullion. Hence it will open a market for silver which certainly ought to increase the price to some extent; for the bullion will not be stacked up, as was the case with us under the Sherman law, like wheat in an elevator, a menace to the market, but will be used in circulation. The reason assigned for the change is that it will facilitate Russia's designs of pushing her trade with China, Persia and India, all silver-using countries, in order to wrest their trade from Great Britain. We trust the statement as to her purposes is true. It will be the best news our silver miners have heard for some time.

THE "SAFETY FUND" PLAN.

The Democratic financiers in Congress are busy with schemes for increasing bank circulation. The effort will be made to repeal the 10 per cent tax on state bank circulation. Comptroller of the Currency Eckels is expected to discuss this matter in his annual report, with special reference to methods of securing note-holders of state banks against loss. He is said to favor the "safety fund" system, used in New York from 1829 to 1879. By this system banks would be allowed to issue notes up to a certain percentage of their capital, and the notes would be guaranteed by the government. The banks would be required to deposit a redemption fund, and in addition there would be a safety fund derived from a tax on circulation, to insure the government. The amount of tax necessary for this insurance, Mr. Eckels says, would be small, as it has been figured out that since the national bank system was established only one-quarter of one per cent of the whole circulation would have had to be made good by the government had the safety fund system been in vogue.

Admiral Stanton, who was relieved of his command for saluting Admiral Mello in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, was interviewed on his arrival at New York. He thinks the struggle in Brazil is likely to be a prolonged one, and that the present government may be maintained. In his opinion, however, the new warships fitted out at New York will not have much chance against the rebel fleet. The feeling of every sympathizer with republican institutions is that it would be an excellent thing if the Nictheroy and her two consorts would send Mello and his whole fleet to the bottom of the Atlantic.

The resignation of the Dupuy cabinet in France was brought about by a silly attempt of M. Dupuy to force the radical members to resign and leave him at the head of the government. He secured the resignation of M. Peytral and then without making the fact public went to the chambers for a vote of confidence. M. Peytral informed his friends of the double dealing and they handled M. Dupuy as he deserved. Resignation of the entire cabinet then followed. French politics have some very queer phases.

Isaac Pusey Gray has dropped out of public notice since he was sent as minister to Mexico—for which the tired people give thanks.

The train robbers seem to have turned their attention to station-robbing for a change.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The London Vegetarian society has a committee of women to assist in promoting a knowledge of the artistic cookery of vegetables.

The Crown Princess of Austria has presented her bridal robes to the church of Bozen. They have been made up into a beautiful chasuble, which has been worn at mass by the dean.

The German Empress the other day photographed four stags which the emperor had shot. The following afternoon she went hunting with the emperor, and before starting was herself photographed. She wore a regular shooting costume, carried a knife at her belt and a revolver in her hand.

Mrs. Matilda Simpson, who died not long ago at Harrodsburg, Ky., was known as "the sad lady." Her husband's mysterious disappearance over thirty years ago changed her from a merry young girl to a woman so sad that for a third of a century she was never known to smile. Her life was devoted to charity.

A new career has been opened to German women by the foundation of a School of Decorative Art in Berlin. At a moderate fee girls receive instruction in all branches of the decorative industry, such as arrangement of curtains and draperies, the manufacture of fringes, pattern drawing, etc. The course lasts from four to six weeks.

A certain Peruvian heiress paid Worth $24,000 for a gown trimmed with lace. If this sum $20,000 was for the lace. It is said that when M. Worth wishes to create a new fashion he does not make designs on paper, but takes the materials and drapes them around the models until he has either developed his idea or hit upon something new.

Imagine a household numbering 6,000 persons in which no woman is allowed any share in the management. Such is the case at Dolma Bagtche palace of the Sultan. Perhaps the women would object to his Majesty's manners, for he never uses a plate and is seldom open to the attractions of a knife and fork. His dinner services are of gold and silver, however.

It is said that Lady Jeune, who has written so much on the "con" side of the society question, can seldom stray beyond the limits of a short sentence without endangering her grammar. She has written a preface for a new volume about women and, unfortunately, suffers some of her worst literary shipwrecks in trying to express her appreciation for the work of women authors and journalists.

There are women who will read with breathless interest that M. Paderewski, the night before a recent recital in London, practiced all night, or at least until 3:30 a. m. The morning after the recital he went to Cheltenham, where he played the same afternoon before a densely packed audience. He exhibited no fatigue. Possibly the mandlin women who have hitherto worn him out were not present.

SOME PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

London has gone wild over a new pianist from Austria. His name is Weiss and his hair is longer than Paderewski's.

At a banquet in Paris M. Jobs toasted "the confraternity of journalists throughout the world," and predicted that it will in time accomplish universal peace.

H. E. Carr, an ex-banker, who is in jail in Tuscumbia, Ala., is arranging to issue therefrom a newspaper, for which his wife is soliciting subscribers and advertising.

The Duchess of Cleveland is so enthusiastic a botanist that she has gone to South Africa to add new specimens to her already fine collection of trees and plants.

W. D. Howells is said to have enough literary work mapped out and contracted for for the next year to assure him, with the royalties on his published books, an income of $30,000.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson has renounced political activity for some time in order to travel and collect material for a new drama, which is to deal with social questions especially labor problems.

Neal Dow, of Portland, Me., known as the "apostle of temperance," will be 90 years old on March 20, 1894, and temperance societies all over the world will unite in celebrating the anniversary of his birth.

It is reported in England that a new dukedom is to be created and conferred upon Lord Lansdowne, the retiring Viceroy of India. In compliment to the neighboring island it is said he will be made the Duke of Kerry.

Miss. Taine is correcting the proofs of the last installment of her husband's "Origines de la France Contemporaine," the volume dealing with the clergy. M. Taine left it nearly finished. Only two chapters are lacking.

Attorney General Olney comes of a "fighting" Baptist family. He is not and never pretended to be an orator, but he speaks with great force and deliberation, and as a lawyer ranks with the best at the Boston bar.

Secretary Hoke Smith gets up at 7 o'clock in the morning and does not go to bed earlier than midnight, devoting all the intervening time, except what he spends at the table and in exercise, to the business of the Interior department.

Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, of Wyoming and Idaho, is visiting friends in Baltimore. He tells interesting stories of life among the miners in the West. One of them is how the keeper of a gambling house in Idaho became a reader of sermons, contributor of a $20 gold piece to the bishop's mission. It aided in building up a church, and the affable ways of the bishop so won upon the man that he made all of his establishments help in to help along the cause of

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.
GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 1 1-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.
GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $18. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.
OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.
SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.
GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement or works contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.
FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, ruby pin pallet, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.
GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has cut bimetallic patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jewe ed balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
N. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly, everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	3.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. "Diana or Christ?"
4. Napoleon at Fontainbleau.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE OLD LOVE SONG.

Play it slowly, sing it lowly,
Old familiar tune!
Once it ran in dance and dimple,
Like a brook in June;
Now it sobs along the measures
With a sound of tears;
Dear old voices echo through it,
Vanished with the years.

Ripple, ripple goes the love song
'Till in slowing time,
Early sweetness grows completeness,
Floods its every rhyme;
Who together learn the music
Life and death unfold,
Know that love is but beginning
Until love is old.

Play it slowly, it is holy
As an evening hymn;
Morning gladness hushed to sadness
Fills it to the brim.
Memories home within the music,
Stealing through the bars;
Thoughts within its quiet spaces
Rise and set like stars.

—The Campus.

A GRACEFUL GARNITURE.

Ribbon, Lace and Flowers May Be Used in Its Construction.

The woman who virtuously decides to show her appreciation of the financial stringency by indulging in no new house gown, may make her old

one presentable by some such arrangement as this says the New York World. An adjustable lace yoke with a rather scantily gathered bertha falling from it is the main feature of the garniture. A collar of pansy purple satin ribbon fastens with a bow on the left side, and from the left shoulder a broader band of the ribbon crosses the bust to the waist on the right side, where it becomes a girdle, fastening with a bow. A sort of chain of exquisitely colored pansies is caught upon the band of ribbon that crosses the front of the gown.

Slang in Dress.

A puzzled girl says: "How can I be slangy in my dress?" I'll tell you, and then you can see whether you are or not. The girl who, because lace frills are fashionable, has her frills wider than anybody else, who recommends the width of her skirts, the brim of her hat, who, because pink roses are fashionable, has the greatest number of pink roses and the deepest in tone, this girl is slangy in dress. She is the girl whose dress tires you to look at. She is the girl who the very minute she enters a room makes you conscious of her presence by the noise of her skirts, and who gives you an overpowering sense of her having too much to wear. This is one type.

Another is the girl who, seizing the pretty fashion of cloth skirts, soft blouses and pretty jackets, makes it slangy by having the soft blouse developed into a loud, stiff shirt, and the jacket made to look as much like a man's coat as possible. With this she wears a masculine tie, a stiff, plain hat, and unconsciously she assumes the manners of a man. Dress has its influence over everybody, and girls who are slangily dressed, that is, who go to extremes in any style of dressing, certainly become extremists in their manners and speech.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Kaiser as a Designer.

The Kaiser seems not content with designing a hunting costume for his wife, but he has now originated a mediaeval setting for his own wear. It is made of bluish gray waterproof cheviot, over which is hung a fur cloak of quite original shape. The hat is large and gray, adorned with a drooping feather, while enormous lacquered boots and a broad hunting belt complete the costume.

For The Blade.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

I never like to see a chap a-mopin' in the race,
'Cause in the game of life he plays, he doesn't catch the ace.
But I can always 'preciate the one whose face is bright,
And takes his chances with the rest, and's glad his load's so light.

There's no sense in growlin' and a kickin' all the time
Because your luck is balky, or on the downward climb;
The best way for you to bear your load is to lift your head up right,
And bring your shoulder right up close, and push with all your might.

If you should see a neighbor who has trouble and to spare,
And actin's if he didn't have a friend to tell this care,
Just go up kind a social like and smile, and take his hand,—
Grasp it in the hearty way, so's he'll know just how you stand.

Find out what is troublin' him, and joke and make him feel
That all you've been adoin' was under friendship's seal.
Don't go to mournin' round him and blind his little light,
But with your wits about you—just help with all your might.

There's some of joy here below, some trouble mixed with pain,
And if the sorrows all come first, the joys you will attain;
And that's the way God meant it, for when troubles have gone by
We'll know just how to value a bright and smiling sky.

So stop your frettin' at your luck, just do the best you can,
This I am sure you'll always find a likelier sort of plan.
Be sure to bear in memory when cares obstruct your view,
There are bright days a-comin' when the joys'll come to you!

M. E. HOOGETRANT.

A SUIT OF SOLEMN BLACK.

But It Is Not a Very Somber Affair in Spite of Its Color.

A gown warranted to bring out the dazzling tints of youthful complexions, the brightness of youthful eyes and to impart an air of dignity to the most youthful wearer is of black velvet. The New York World describes one whose plain skirt has a band of ostrich feather trimming a little above the bottom, and on both sides are narrow rows of jet. The tight-

WHOLLY EFFECTIVE.

fitting bodice has three Vandyke points, each outlined with jet and jet-trimmed equalets and belt. The cape that is worn with this frock is edged with feather trimming and jet. It is lined with a dazzling changeable silk in which gold and green are the most pronounced colors. The tiny black velvet hat has tips of black, gold and green standing erect in front.

SHE WON HER POINT.

A Clever Girl Makes a Clever Speech and is Rewarded.

There are more roads than one to a girl's wish. There is a pretty story current about a South Side maiden who wanted to go to Wellesley this fall.

"Pshaw," said the pater. "No college for you; what good would it do you? No, ma'am!"

"But—" pleaded the fair book-worm.

"I said no," remarked the holder of the purse strings, so she subsided and waited for fate to play into her hands. After a while there came a big downtown banquet to which her father and mother were invited. That evening her mother was too ill to go, and distraction reigned. The pater tore his hair, and then happened to think of his pretty daughter. Nothing loth, she dressed and went. Some whim of the toastmaster induced him to call upon the ladies present for remarks, but success did not greet his teasing efforts and the consternation of gray-bearded matrons, youthful wives, studious, frivolous and self-possessed indiscriminately, began to pass from a matter of laughter to one of impatience. Last in the row called sat our demure maiden, and when her chance came she calmly arose and electrified the room by a happy little speech, full of wit and common sense, and then hid behind her father as best she might when a storm of hand-clapping rent the air.

Her bewildered and gratified father took her home in a whirl of aroused pride, packed her off to college on the first train the next morning, and sent her clothes after her. Talk about women not having their own way.—Chicago News.

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhea, etc., sent free to ladies with full instructions how to use it. Address, Mrs. D. L. Orme, South Bend, Ind.

PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

To a simple proposition
Your attention I invite:
I can do whatever I want to;
And whatever I do is right.
Chorus of Organs: He can do whatever he wants to,
And whatever he does is right.

I am the Constitution,
And, therefore, Congress, too;
I have all the rights and all the powers,
And whatever I want I do.
Chorus of Organs: He has all the rights and all the powers,
And does what he wants to do.

My ministers, my Commissioners,
I send to the isles of the sea;
To pull down things and to set up my kings
Just as seems good to me.
Chorus of Organs: They pull down things and they set up kings
In the islands of the sea.

No books of international law
You'll find upon my shelf;
I am the law that knows no flaw,
I make law and war myself.
Chorus of Organs: He is the law that knows no flaw,
He makes law and war himself.

For precedents and authorities
I do not give a D;
I have them all and more at my call
By looking inside of me.
Chorus of Organs: He has them all and more at his call,
For he is the source of all
He is.

I'm comprehensively Paramount
In this and in foreign lands;
I can, for stop and I will not drop,
With the universe on my hands.
Chorus of Organs: He can not stop and he will not drop,
With the universe on his hands.

I, the people of the United States,
Am perfectly content;
And, to save mistake, one remark I make:
I am the Government!
Chorus of Organs: To save mistake, one remark we make:
He is the Government.
—New York Sun.

The feminine head in Paris is now kept rather small in the evening; the curled locks sit close to the head in front and at the side, and the waved knot of hair behind is also close and trim in effect., according to the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune.

SHE TAKES A TYRANT MAN WITH HER TO BOSS THE JOB.

And Then She Marched the Man Off and Never Bought the Coat at All—Oh, Those Dreadful Sleeves.

"What style, please?"

It was in the cloak department of a large dry goods house, and all sorts and conditions of women—the lean, the fat, the tall and the short— were trying on coats and capes. The only thing they had in common was one expression of countenance—the harassed and anxious, in equal parts, thoroughly mixed.

Suddenly an acquaintance bore down on me.

"Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed, "I am in such a pickle. I haven't a wrap to wear."

"What has become of your seal coat? Is it stolen or pawned?"

"Neither."

"What are you talking about, then? Such a lovely coat as that was only last season!"

"But I can't wear it. I haven't a sleeve it will go over. It's just useless."

"I suppose you've borrowed the stunning garment you have on. I like that; it's different from any one else's."

It was a long, loose affair, a sort of box coat affair, with a velvet yoke and collar.

"No; I had this made especially to go over my big sleeves, and now it won't. I'm wearing a little silk blouse under it. I can't afford another wrap, and I don't see what I can do, unless I get my old-fashioned circular recovered. Isn't it dreadful? These big sleeves!"

"Dreadful!" I echoed. "I'm wrestling with the problem, too."

Then the lady rutled out in search of the silk counter.

A plump little woman accompanied by a man came next.

It is always a sad sight to see a woman who can't go and buy any clothes without her husband being along. It seems to indicate that she must please him in every detail of her costume or suffer for it.

"This great six-foot creature tyrannizes over that little woman," I thought. "Either he is afraid she'll get something that won't last for three years or she'll pay too much for it, and he's going to run things himself."

"What style, please?" asked the salesman.

"A coat—black cloth," said the lady.

"I thought you wanted a cape," put in the man, as the attendant went off for the garment.

"Well, I don't know; they are so cold. Why, Mrs. Bleeker told me she had pneumonia three times last year, and it was nothing under the sun but that green velvet cape that did it."

The big man shuddered and said:

"Well, don't have a cape, then."

The attendant appeared with an armful of coats and the trying on began. She put a much-braided garment with a high, fur-trimmed collar on the little woman.

"That makes you look as though you hadn't any neck."

"Why, Dick, that is the fashion," she protested reproachfully.

"Is it? All right, then. Take it if you want it."

"Take the first one I put on? What an idea! Besides, I wouldn't, after what you have said, anyway. I'd never hear the last of it."

So another coat went on.

"That makes me look stout, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I don't think so."

"I know it does;" so off it came, and another one was fitted.

"There, what do you think of that?"

"Looks all right. Why don't you take it?"

"See here, Dick, you're not taking the least interest in this coat."

"You want me to find fault?"

"No, I don't. I want you to act as though you cared."

"But I don't. You wouldn't have a hypocrite, would you?"

By this time the saleswoman had come back with another armful of wraps, and a black beaver with fur trimmings was tried.

"How do you like that, Dick?"

"It don't seem to suit you, somehow. You look all chucked up in it."

"Well, I'm short, and I can't help it as I see. The coats this year are all made for bean poles. I'll have to look 'chucked up,' as you call it."

"Well, I don't like that, anyway."

"Now, really, I thought that was the prettiest one I had put on. There is so much style to that cute little cape and the fur is so handsome."

Even the weak penetration of the attendant had by this time discovered that this six-foot creature was but clay in the hands of the potter. She threw in her influence on the strongest side and agreed thoroughly with the woman.

"It is one of our pattern coats, marked down from $50. There isn't in the whole store such good value for the money. And it is becoming, no mistake," she added, with a fine show of enthusiasm.

Poor thing. She was getting desperate. No doubt her arms ached, pulling on the heavy garments, and tugging at the buttons. A girl in a cloak department doesn't have to spend money going to a gymnasium.

"But, you see, my husband doesn't like it," with an air of martyrdom.

So the coat came off.

"Why don't you take that second one?" from the male tyrant.

"You said you didn't know whether you liked it or not."

"Oh, well, put it on once more, and settle it."

"But I'd rather try something else," and so more coats were gone for by the attendant.

"See here, Jennie, I'll lose that appointment with Brown."

"Well, what did you come for, if you are in such a hurry?"

"I supposed you could buy a coat the same as I can, and done with it."

"H'm," disdainfully. "What's a man's coat, anyway?"

"Something to keep warm in and look decent, I suppose. I never looked up the definition in the dictionary."

"A woman's coat has to be becoming."

"I suppose so."

"I wish I hadn't asked you to come."

"Great Scott! I agree with you there."

More coats and more dialogue.

"I don't believe, after all, I can ever get on one of these coats over my sleeves. Let us go look at the capes. They are so convenient for receptions and the theater."

"But the pneumonia," protested the man.

"Oh, pshaw! I don't believe I'd take cold. Mrs. Bleeker is so cold-blooded, anyway. Come along where the capes are. Just think of my sleeves."

"Don't ask me to," groaned the subdued creature. "I have to think of them so much they are wearing me to a thread."

I followed them over to the cape department, where something like the same scene as the preceding was rehearsed.

Finally my lady said: "I won't decide to-day."

"But," protested hubby.

"Dick," sternly, "I shall not decide."

If ever I pitied a man I did "Dick" at that moment. He looked mutely at the attendant, with apologetic, protesting, hang-dog expression, conveying the idea that he was perfectly willing to be vicariously kicked if it would be any relief to her feelings, and walked toward the elevator.

"Jennie," I heard him say, "after all that trouble I feel——"

"Down!" shrieked the elevator man, and the cage door shut off the sentence.

"Mamie," whispered a saleswoman, coming out from behind a pile of cloaks, "didn't you get caught beautifully. I showed her capes for a half day yesterday, and I wa'n't goin' to get in it again. I know by what she said to another woman she's been lookin' all this week."

"Miss Barker, coats!" called the floor-walker.

"Something large enough to go over the big sleeves," said the woman.

I turned and fled.

Now let Sorosis, or some other club that debates on weighty matters, put up the question:

"Capes and pneumonia or big sleeves and coats—which is the greater menace to our civilization?"—New York Recorder.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

We've lived for forty years, dear wife,
And walked together side by side,
And you to-day are just as dear
As when you were my bride.
I've tried to make life glad for you,
One long sweet honeymoon of joy,
A dream of marital content
Without the least alloy.
I've smoothed all bowlders from our path,
That we in peace might toil along,
By always hastening to admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

No mad diversity of creed
Has ever sundered me from thee,
For I permit you evermore
To borrow your ideas from me.
And thus it is, through weal or woe
Our love for evermore endures,
For I permit that you should take
My views and creeds and make them yours.
And thus I let you have my way,
And thus in peace we toil along,
For I am willing to admit
That I am right and you are wrong.

And when our matrimonial skiff
Strikes snags in love's meandering stream
I lift our shallop from the rocks
And float us in a placid dream.
And well I know our marriage bliss
While life shall last will never cease,
For I shall always let thee do,
In generous love, just what I please.
Peace comes and discord flies away,
Love's bright day follows hatred's night,
For I am ready to admit
That you are wrong and I am right.

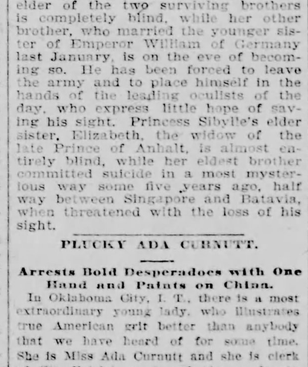
Dear wife, when discord reared its head
And love's sweet light forgot to shine,
'Twas then I freely would permit
That thy will should'st conform to mine,
In all things, whether great or small,
In all life's path we've wandered through,
I've graciously let you perform
Just what I wanted you to do.
No altercation could destroy
The love that held us sure and strong,
For evermore would I admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

Sweet wedded love! O life of bliss!
Our years in peace have flown along,
For you admit that I was right.
And I admit that you were wrong.
No dogged stubbornness of soul
Has ever wrenched my heart from thine.
For thy will ever was my own—
Because thy will was always mine.
So sweet forgiveness crowns our years
And sheds on us its tender light;
For I admit that you are wrong,
And you admit that I am right.
—Sam Walter Foss in New York Tribune.

MAY BE CZAREVNA.

Something About Princess Sibylle of Hesse and Her Family.

Princess Sibylle of Hesse, whose engagement to the Czarevitch was repeatedly announced last summer—owing mainly to the fact that she was staying with her mother at the court of Denmark during the entire period of the Russian visit there—is a very attractive girl, and in many respects it must be a matter for regret that the rumors on the subject



PRINCESS SIBYLLE.

have not as yet been confirmed, says the New York Tribune. The princess is a niece of Queen Louise of Denmark, the sister of her father, the late Landgrave of Hesse. These Hesses are only distantly related to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt; and whereas the latter is the head of the younger branch of the ancient house of Hesse, Princess Sibylle's people constitute the senior branch, although they are no longer a reigning family.

Her German birth and Lutheran religion might not be considered a bar to her union with the Czarevitch by the Russian people, but the hereditary affliction of her house, namely, blindness, would lead them to look askance at such a marriage. The elder of the two surviving brothers is completely blind, while her other brother, who married the younger sister of Emperor William of Germany last January, is on the eve of becoming so. He has been forced to leave the army and to place himself in the hands of the leading oculists of the day, who express little hope of saving his sight. Princess Sibylle's elder sister, Elizabeth, the widow of the late Prince of Anhalt, is almost entirely blind, while her eldest brother committed suicide in a most mysterious way some five years ago, half way between Singapore and Batavia, when threatened with the loss of his sight.

PLUCKY ADA CURNUTT.

Arrests Bold Desperadoes with One Hand and Paints on China.

In Oklahoma City, I. T., there is a most extraordinary young lady, who illustrates true American grit better than anybody that we have heard of for some time. She is Miss Ada Curnutt and she is clerk of the district court and also a deputy United States marshal. The other day she shal stating that two well-known desperate characters were badly wanted at Oklahoma City, and to send an experienced deputy there at once to arrest them. As it happened all of the deputies were at that time out on the "scout" with warrants, but the men must be arrested, and the plucky little woman took the train herself to Oklahoma City. Arriving there,

MISS ADA CURNUTT.

she learned that the men were in a gambling house and saloon. Miss Curnutt is a slender woman about twenty years of age, well dressed, modest, but with determined-looking gray eyes and undimming courage. She found the toughs, who were desperate-looking creatures, a mel heavily and very much under the influence of liquor, read the warrants and placed them under arrest. The toughs considered it quite a joke at first and refused to accompany her. But although she was entirely unarmed, in a locality where the only thing that commands thorough respect is the Winchester and the revolver, she told them that they must go with her and that she could instantly summon every man on the street as her posseman to assist her. The perpetrators allowed her to fasten them together with handcuffs. She marched them to the railway station, took them to Guthrie and turned them over to the authorities. Miss Curnutt went to Oklahoma very shortly after the country was opened to settlement with her sister and brother-in-law, and her ability soon won for her a place in the court clerk's office. She knows nor cares nothing for politics, but she understands her business and sticks to it. She is the daughter of a Methodist clergyman and was born in Illinois. She devotes most of her spare time to china painting.

THE PRINCESS PORCELAIN.

O dainty Princess Porcelain,
I ne'er have seen thy face,
But still thou dost my thoughts enchain
With sweet and airy grace!

Thy sea-shell cheeks, thine eyes' clear gleam,
Have moved my heart to pain;
I lift my cup and drown the dream,
O Princess Porcelain!
—New York World.

Candytuft sown now will result in a mass of dense dark green foliage surmounted by a great profusion of pure white flowers in close spikes in early spring.

HATS AND HAIR.

The coquettish yet refined hats of the period demand styles of hair-dressing at once demure and picturesque. The soft curls and waved locks which peep below the "puckered" waves of the hat could not be exchanged for more severe styles without

spoiling the effect of the whole costume. There is hardly a shape in winter hats which will permit a rigorous adoption of the modified 1830 fashion of hairdressing. The quaint shape of the hat in the illustration requires the softest, most apparently careless knotting up of waved locks. Those whose hair is not curled and waved by Dame Nature may be comforted by the information that all competent hairdressers agree that the hot curling-irons when carefully used is rather good for the hair than otherwise—making it grow, indeed.

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A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Josiah Allen's" bat, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still keep it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are the ones who appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting in type, making the stereotype pl

ONLY.

Only a woman's face, haggard and old and worn;
Only a woman's heart, aching and bleeding and torn:
Only a woman's hopes, crumbling into dust;
Only a woman's faith, wrapped round a broken trust.

Only a woman's dreams, swept from her waking brain;
Only a woman's strength, bearing a deadly pain,
Only a woman's love, lost on a heart of stone;
Only a woman's feet, treading the earth alone.

Paused she to-day to rest, sick of the awful load,
Breathing her latest breath, down on a rock-lined road.
Will any heave a sigh, will any shed a tear,
Over a woman's life, over a woman's bier?

None will care for the hands, clammy, unshapely things;
None will care for the hair, lying in death-damp rings;
None will care for the heart, stilled of its throbbing beat;
None will care for the lips, once unspeakably sweet.

Yet from the world beyond, out of the vast above,
Comes there a flood of song, mystic music of love.
Comes there a path of light, leading into the skies;
Comes there the Father's voice bidding the wand'rer rise.

Out of the house of clay merges the spirit fair,
Light as some wing'd thing, follows the heav'nly stair—
Millions of souls rejoice, millions of anthems roll,
Millions of arms receive—only a woman's soul.

—Lottie Elgin.

HOMETALKS.

A NATIONAL FAILING WHICH OUGHT TO BE CORRECTED.

Brought Down to Individuals and It Would Apply to Most of Us, Though We Admit It Doubtfully.

Sophonisba and I had been for a little while in a social gathering where were many people in their best faces and their best clothes. I am sure that I am speaking from the book in saying in their "best faces," because those of the large majority were lighted up with sunny smiles that effectually concealed what of aching hearts or of discontent there may have been behind the surface. That all were as happy as they appeared was not, of course, possible, but they who were anxious or sorrowful had summoned their forces to make for them a veil which should only shine with pleasant good nature.

We were afterwards "talking it over" as people are apt to do, and I remarked upon the flow of language possessed by one of those present, and of the sparkle and brilliancy which it possessed. "She never pauses for a word," I said, "but they glide forth one after another as unceasingly as was the flow of Tennyson's "Brook." I suppose she is what might be called a good conversationalist."

Sophonisba shook her head dubiously. "That is where I think people make a mistake," she said. "She is a good talker, a very good one because she always has something to say and says it well, but she never listens! It seems to me that it is quite as much of an accomplishment to listen intelligently, to show in manner a willingness that includes desire to take the thought of another, as it is to be able to express one's own thought in silver-tongued speech. She never pauses, never shows in her manner that she has the slightest perception of a possibility that you may have an idea worth her consideration, and there is where I think she falls in being what I call a good conversationalist. She is too much in love with the sound of her own voice to want to hear that of anybody else, and so she runs on indefinitely."

I have been thinking over Sophonisba's words considerably since then, and am sure she has the right of it. The art of listening is marvelously neglected. The man or the woman who has the gift of expression in language is too apt to enjoy its use to the exclusion of any other idea, never realizing that its power over others would be greatly increased by the contrast of occasional silence. Let the silence be that of a listener and an intelligent one, the face wearing a look of responsive interest, and the whole attitude expressive of a desire to hear the thought of another, and the charm of his own power over words is increased tenfold.

You have all read the old story about Coleridge, I think it was, who would carry on a splendid monologue so long as he had a listener. One day, when filled with some new idea, he met a friend in the park, and, seizing him by one of the buttons of the coat, began talking, with his eyes half-closed, according to a fashion he had. The friend stood as long as he could, but seeing no end of the talk in sight, he quietly pulled out his knife, cut off the button, and hastened away, leaving the flow of speech uninterrupted; Mr. Coleridge, standing there with the button in his grasp, and utterly unconscious that his listener was gone. This may be only a story told as a joke, but it illustrates the oft-times unconscious egotism of the brilliant talker.

There is a habit, which is a very common one, not only with the so-called good conversationalists, but with those who make no pretensions in that direction. This is, the breaking in upon a speaker before he has concluded a sentence. Even those who hold themselves well bred, and, indeed, are so, generally speaking, are guilty of this breach of good manners. If you do not believe it, observe those around you, and see how true it often is. Watch yourself when engaged in a contraversy about something of special interest to you, and see if the eager thought does not "o'erleap the bounds of politeness," to the extent of cutting off the speech of an opponent ere it is finished. Sometimes the opponent will not allow himself to be cut off, so that the funny spectacle is presented of two persons simultaneously hurling words at each other, each intent on the expression of his own weighty thought without regard to that of the other.

Of course everybody will acknowledge that this is rank rudeness, but they who are sometimes guilty number far more than those who are not, and it is the so-called good conversationalist that comes most frequently into the list. Observe and see if this be not true.

To the very best of talkers there comes the time when silence is golden in the preservation of the good will of the listener. There is no one who likes to be overwhelmed, extinguished, blotted out by a rushing river of talk from another, no matter how the river sparkles and foams in its flow. It is human nature for the listener to feel that he would like his existence recognized to the extent of an invited observation now and then.

It is a pity that we do not better understand the power lying in the fine art of listening. "Do you remember," said Sophonisba, when we were talking of this matter, "that pleasant Mrs. L., whom we all liked so much and admired for her exceeding intelligence upon all subjects? I've been thinking lately that the secret of her popularity was her eloquent listening. No matter what you were talking about, of interest to yourself, her whole attitude, the earnest look of her eyes, her occasional gestures of assent, were also full of interest. One could not help talking well with such an inspiration. Looking back at it now, I am convinced that she did not really know half so much as people thought. She simply was an adept in the art of listening."

Of course people may keep silent without being good listeners. There are those who are temperamentally quiet, so to speak, who have not the slightest idea of making their silence eloquent. And there is absolutely nothing more exasperating than the careless, indifferent, listless way of listening which makes one feel that her words contain absolutely nothing which has to others the slightest interest.

A great deal has been said within the last few years of our national lack in mastering the art of conversation, and it has been advised that children be better taught from their infancy the power of expression in language. It is a good thought. Children should be thus taught, but a part of their training ought to lie in acquiring the art of eloquent listening. It is not a trifle. The whole accomplishment means much in the way of success in life. To talk well and to listen well everywhere is to possess an influence that is of the greatest value under all circumstances. It is not merely a social factor, but includes far more than that.

After all, when you come to the root of the matter, the most potent element in both the art of talking and of listening well is forgetfulness of self. Possessed with any thought to the exclusion of one's own personality, and the thought will clothe itself in good language. Filled with the desire to show appreciation of another's effort at expression in words, and holding one's own opinion subservient quent with inspiration to the one who to the season, and the face shines eloquent with inspiration to the one who talks. Forgetfulness of self! It is the great lesson to be mastered by each one of us, and the very hardest of all, because it comprehends the highest growth!

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

What Have We to be Thankful for This Year?

When you come to think of it, does it not seem a little strange that we have a thanksgiving day but once a year? Of course it is not so with all, but with many of us we seem to think that we are not called upon to be thankful for each day's blessing except in a sort of a take-it-for-granted way, but in November, when the President, or the governor of the state appoints a day for that purpose, we lump our thanks, so to speak, and give to the poor people in our neighborhood a good dinner and then reward ourselves by eating so much of our own extra nice dinner that we feel good for nothing for several days afterward.

The young people vary this by attending dancing parties, and sleighrides, provided there is snow enough, and we think we are thankful, but sometimes we do not know, really, what we are giving thanks for.

With many of us, each year brings some great sorrow, some one near and dear to us is taken away, and we think we have nothing to be thankful for; with others, the financial side of life has been such that we hardly know how to be very thankful, but if we try to find cause for thankfulness we will surely succeed in doing so:

"God has sent us days of summer,
Bright with sunshine, soft with rain,
Filled with ruddy fruits our orchards,
Covered all our fields with grain."

If our friends have been taken from us, we know that they are done with suffering and sorrow, and we know, too, that it will not be long before we can again be with them—let us be thankful for that.

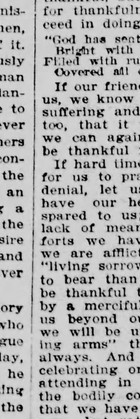
If hard times has made it necessary for us to practice economy and self denial, let us be thankful that we have our health and our friends spared to us; if, in addition to the lack of means to procure the comforts we have been accustomed to, we are afflicted with sickness, or a "living sorrow," that may be harder to bear than any other, let us still be thankful that our trials are sent by a merciful God who will not try us beyond our endurance and that we will be upheld by the "everlasting arms" that are underneath us, always. And let us not feel that in celebrating one day in the year by attending in an especial manner to the bodily comforts of our families, that we have done our duty for the year, but rather let us, every day, give thanks for the mercies and blessings of that day.—S. F. W.

PRETTY HOLIDAY GIFTS.

To Be Made By Nimble Fingers Within the Next Few Weeks.

Crocheted Spool-Bag.

This handy little article is made of two kinds of knitting silk, black and some bright color, whatever the worker chooses. It looks with the top part tucked in like a boy's skating cap. The lower part is made first. Begin with the black silk by making a chain of three joined in a ring. Work in close crochet stitch, going around and around, widening gradually until the hat is four inches in diameter. Crochet it long enough after this diameter is reached to turn over an inch for the rim. Crochet a row of shells of the bright color upon the lower edge of the turn-over piece. Take up loops just inside of the cap, and crochet the bag part by working a double crochet in every other stitch, with a chain of one between each. Work in this way until the bag part is long enough to look well, then finish it around with a row of shells; run in a cord of silk to draw it up by, and there is a very pretty Christmas gift for a friend. If liked, a tassel can be put on the point of the cap.



Cheese Cloth Baby Quilt.

Double two yards of cheese cloth, basting a layer of wool between. Turn in the edges and run them together with fine stitches. Tack in squares or diamonds with any color of worsted as in a comfortable, and button-hole stitch the edges all round with zephyr of a contrasting shade. Use white, pink, or pale blue cheese cloth.

Convenient Wall Pocket.

Get a piece of brown or gray linen 12 inches square. Put three broad bands of linen across it, as shown in

the illustration. These bands may be of the linen or of some other color and material. Stitch the bands, which should first be lined, to the square piece and then down to make pockets. Of course these bands must first be lettered by outlining them in color. Bind the whole all around with braid and put brass rings across the top to hang it up by. The bottom may be finished with tassels. This may be lettered to show that it is an adjunct of the sewing table or basket, or to be hung above the writing table.

Fancy Sachet.

Get 61 brass rings about a half inch in diameter and a ball of knitting silk to match the color of the ribbon used for the center. Three quarters of a yard of No. 16 pink satin ribbon is required, and one and one-eighth of black or dark brown No. 12, or the same width as the center. One yard

of pink ribbon No. 9 is also needed.

Cover 24 of the rings with pink silk in single crochet stitch, working all the way around one ring before joining to the next, then half way around the second and joining to the third and 20 on until you come to the 24th, then go all around that and follow down to the one started from. Make a second strip in the same way. Fold the pink ribbon which has been fringed at the ends exactly in halves and sew to each side the strips of rings so that they will come at equal distances from the ends. Then the black ribbon cut in two parts is sewed to the other sides of the rings as shown in the illustration. The fringed ends of the pink ribbon are drawn up and tied with some baby ribbon of the same shade, and the two ends of the black ribbon are brought together at the top and fastened by a bow made of the No. 9 ribbon. Across the bottom is a row of rings with tassels made of 30 threads of the silk tied in each ring.

Photograph Frame.

Cut out two oval pieces of card board. In one make a heart shaped opening as shown. Cover this piece with white moire antique silk, and the other piece with plain silk or linen. Around the edge of the heart-shaped opening sew bright colored jewels using small gold beads, one each side of a jewel to make a finish. Sew jewels in the same way around the outer edge. Leave an opening at

the top to slip the photographs in. Fasten a rest at the back of the oval to hold the frame securely. Care must be taken to stretch the silk smoothly over the oval.

HOUSEHOLD LETTER BOX.

Letters From Thoughtful Women on Various Subjects.

A Man Seeks Admission to Our Circle.

I feel as I read the many questions asked by the young ladies of the Household that they are sincere. They not only want to lead young men into better ways, but they are willing to remain single and forego the pleasures of love and marriage rather than marry men who drink and use tobacco.

These things seem trifling to many men. They regard them as a whim of the ladies, and many young women are deceived and contract an alliance with men of bad habits, for these young men think it no harm to practice such deception. They consult with each other, and do everything they can to keep these things a secret, and I warn you, dear girls, you cannot exercise too much vigilance in finding out the habits and character of any young man who seeks to pay you attentions. If you are guilty of any sin they are not long in finding it out, but they can stoop to the lowest step of moral turpitude and meet you the next hour with an innocent smile and with no fear of exposure.

I have often been grieved and to see young women of unquestionable character and nobility of mind married to men whom I knew to be immoral men, who had often shocked me beyond measure by their base and obscene language.

And this is no uncommon occurrence.

I am shocked as I witness some of the transactions of society, and I ask if it is not the result of ignorance. Our girls, I fear, are kept too much in the dark in regard to the habits of young men. Not long ago I dropped into a meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E., which was composed mostly of young women. The subject under consideration was "How to Persuade Young Men to Attend the Endeavor and Lead Better Lives." As I sat there and listened to the earnest and pathetic words of these noble young women, as they discussed this grave question, I felt that we young men were not doing our part, and I thought a young man must be stupid indeed to doubt their sincerity and give their opinions no weight. I bid you God-speed in your good work, and hope you will be persistent in your demands, and, some day, see the time when young men will require as much of themselves in the way of morals and good habits as they do of you.—Young Man.

One More in Favor of the Teachers' Pension.

The teachers should be pensioned: First, he spends years in preparing for his work while the common laborer does nothing of the kind; second, the teacher has to pay out his spare dimes and dollars for educational books and journals to keep up with the times; the servant is not expected to do this, and gets his, or her, board in addition to his salary, and many presents of new or slightly worn clothes; third, the servant's salary is for twelve months in a year, but the teacher has long vacations during which he receives no salary, yet he is expected to improve himself by travel and in attending institutes, associations, etc., the while; fourth, other workers are constantly associating with other adults and have many opportunities of earning, or gaining equal compensation. The teacher is confined to the school room with children without any chances to add to his income. The teacher is continually draining out of his stipend for pencils, paper, picture cards and books as presents to his pupils; fifth, the teacher is continually planning, furnishing and working for the highest and best interests of others and has no time left to accumulate a competence for old age. And who is the miser that would begrudge him a year or two of comfort, supported by a moderate pension?—C. E. L.

Many Remember the Little Children.

Leggings may be made for the little ones, from the worn out stockings of the older children, always remembering to make them large enough to draw on easily. They may be finished with braid, and held up by elastic garters just as their stockings are, and the straps for the bottom should be made of elastic. Make them long enough to come up over the knee. Patterns for leggings may be purchased for a few cents from almost any dealer in patterns, but a little time and ingenuity will enable any one to cut one that will fit just as well. Take a stocking the right size and cut a pattern from old muslin or calico. Baste up the seams, and fit it to the leg, trying it on to see where alteration is necessary. When a desirable fit is secured, cut a pattern by it, and save it. The best parts of old pants, coats or any other woolen goods may be used for leggings. Cut the two pieces out by the pattern and sew the seams. Bind the edges with braid and fasten with buttons and button holes. There should be a strip of linen or drilling laid under the place for both buttons and button holes, as the frequent buttoning would soon tear the cloth out. Many a severe illness might be prevented if children's feet and legs were protected from the cold in winter.—Mary.

A Very Sensible Suggestion.

Let me tell you how to make cheap warm underskirts. Have next to your person a short flannel or cloth skirt. Then buy fast black canton flannel, that at 15 cents a yard is the best, make a gored front and straight back, so it fits neatly, and make it about one inch shorter than your ordinary skirt measure. Face the bottom on the outside with black cashmere, brilliantine cloth, or any old goods you have, and you will have, at little cost, a skirt the air cannot penetrate, and one that will stand any amount of wear.—Thirty Four.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Some of Us Must Ask and Some Can Answer.

Please publish directions for making a rose jar."—E. P. S.

The directions have been published in the Household several times. Look through the numbers for June and July and see if you cannot find them. —Ed.

A. Lewis:—We cannot reprint the article you ask for, but if you will send us the date of the paper containing it, we will, if possible, send you another copy.—Ed.

Mrs. J. F. W.:—Can you give the date of the paper in which you saw the account of the oven to which you refer?—Ed.

"One of Them:"—The editor is certain that if you knew how much your sarcastic letter would hurt the person to whom it is directed you would not wish to have it published, and so withholds it. There are always to be found those who do not for want of proper opportunities. Know how to express themselves in a way that will accomplish the good they wish to do, and at the same time avoid giving offense; the write to whom you refer, is evidently one of this class—meaning much better than she appears to. Would it not be better to teach such a one the beauty of Christian love and charity, by our example, and by kindly letters, than by expressing an opinion in a way that will make them feel that if they have made a mistake others are quite as unkind in another way? Sarcasm is a very dangerous weapon for any one to use, especially anyone who can cut as keenly as you are capable of doing, and oftentimes it fails to accomplish the desired work, and only makes a wound that will rankle for a long time.

If you think of this subject in this light, the editor of the Household thinks that you will not only take her most kindly meant remarks in the spirit in which they are given, but that you will write a lovely letter in place of the one we withhold this week; one which will give new and true ideas on the subject under consideration, and one which your former letter proves you are capable of doing.—Ed.

Merry-Go-Rounder:—It is not necessary that you should sign your name each time to the Merry-Go-Round letters, but it is a great convenience to the editor if you will do so, as it prevents the necessity of referring to her list of names, if she wishes to know to whom the nom-de-plume belongs Second—All puzzles, etc., for the Wonder Column must be original. If you wish to become a member of that glorious company of guessers write to the editor of Wonder Column for information.

Inquiries.

I wish that some one would write something that would tell a girl of 12 how to make a Christmas present for her friends.—Blue Bird.

Will some one send suggestions and designs for making a book-marker to be used in a large church Bible?—Celia Van.

Will some one tell me the date when President Cleveland issued his Thanksgiving proclamation for the present year?—Anna M.

Answers.

Please tell Fanny Fern I can highly recommend the following for bleaching cotton or linen goods, and that it will "not injure the fabric" in the least, having used it myself many years. Have also removed mildew from cloth with it. For five pounds of cotton or linen goods, chloride of lime, 12 ozs; dissolve in a small quantity of boiling water, and when cold, strain off in a sufficient quantity of warm water to immerse the goods. First, boil the goods 15 minutes in strong suds; wring out and rinse in clear water; then place the goods in the chloride water from 10 to 30 minutes with frequent airing; then rinse well. I have boiled the goods again in weak suds after taking from the chloride water, and found it more satisfactory then to rinse.—Mrs. A. B. Mason.

Housewife:—You can remove spots and dirt from oil paintings and chromos by wiping them with a soft sponge wet with warm water, to which a few drops of ammonia has been added.—Florence L.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

Especially on Thanksgiving and Other Holidays?

In response to the request of the Household cook, some of her friends have sent the menus they have prepared for their Thanksgiving dinners, which, though too late for Thanksgiving, will do for Christmas. There is so much variety in these, that nearly every one who reads them can obtain some assistance from them in preparing a dinner for any holiday, even if they do not choose to take them as they are given.

The cook takes this opportunity of thanking these friends for their kindnes in thus assisting her, and wishes for them and all of the members of the Household, a good dinner, a good appetite, and a heart full of thanksgiving always, for all of the mercies they have received during the year.

Holiday Dinner Menus.

No. 1.

Oyster Soup.
Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Baked Squash.
Celery. Olives.
Lettuce. Mayonnaise Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Plum Pudding. Mince Pie.
Pumpkin Pie.
Coffee. Tea. Chocolate.
JEANNETTE L.

No. 2.

Tomato Soup.
Roast Pork. Apple Sauce.
Browned Potatoes. Boiled Onions.
Celery. Mixed Pickles Cabbage Salad.
Baked Indian Pudding. Sugar and Cream.
Coffee.
ANNIE THOMPSON.

No. 3.

Cream of Rice Soup.
Chicken Pie (with plenty of gravy).
Roast Potatoes. Browned Sweet Potatoes.
Baked Squash. Canned Peas.
Hot Cream of Tartar Biscuits.
Pickles Celery. Lettuce Salad.
Wafers. Cheese.
Mince Pie. Orange Pudding.
Pumpkin Pie.
Fruit Nuts. Raisins.
Coffee.
L. H. R.

No. 4.

Cream of Potato Soup.
Roast Goose. Grape Jelly.
Roasted Potatoes. Peas. Corn.
Pickles—five kinds. Cheese.
Apple Pie. Mince Pie.
Canned Plums. Lady Cake.
Tea. Coffee.
MRS. M. C. L.

No. 5.

Oysters on the half shell.
Mock Turtle Soup.
Olives. Almonds.
Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.
Peas. Boiled Rice. Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Succotash.
Fried Chicken. Currant Jelly.
Creamed Potatoes.
Lettuce Salad. Wafers. Cheese.
Suet Pudding. Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie.
Fruits. Nuts. Raisins.
Coffee. Chocolate.
HOUSEKEEPER.

No. 6.

Fried Salt Pork. Apple Sauce.
Baked Potatoes. Baked Squash.
Apple Pie. Cheese.
Apples. Hickory Nuts.
Tea.
THANKFUL POLLY.

With this last menu, came a letter so full of thankfulness that "all the family had been spared to eat this very plain dinner together, that, after reaching it,the editor is certain that in all of the land there will be no happier family than this one, where love and gratitude will give to the 'fried pork and potatoes" a flavor that will make them forget all about roast turkey, and the hickory nuts that the boys gathered in the woods, will be enjoyed far more than the daintiest of desserts would be, if one of the family group was missing from his accustomed place.

Lemon Jelly.

For Jennie Lock:—1-2 box of gelatine, soaked for 10 minutes in 1 pt. of cold water; add 2 cupfuls of sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Mix well; add 1 pt. of boiling water; stir till the gelatine and sugar are dissolved; strain through a jelly bag, and turn into molds to cool. If possible, let it stand 24 hours before using.—Grace Thompson.

AN OLD FOGY.

I sit behind my ox team, calm,
Beneath the hazy sky,
And crawl contented through the land
And let the world go by.
The thoughtful ox has learned to wait
And nervous impulse smother,
And ponder long before he puts
One foot before the other.

And men with spanking teams pass by
And dash upon their way,
As if it were their hope to find
The world's end in a day.
And men dash by in palace cars,
On me dark frowns their rest,
As the lightning-driven Prescut frowns
Upon the slow old Past.

Wha tdo they chase, these men of steam
Their smoke-flags white unfurled,
Pullen by the roaring fire-fiend
That shakes the reeling world?
What do you seek ye men of steam,
So wild and mad you press?
Is this, is this the railroad line
That leads to happiness?

And when you've swept across the day
And dashed across the night,
Is there some station through the hills
Where men can find delight?
Ah, toward the Depot of Content,
Where no red signals stream,
I go by ox team just as quick
As you can go by team.

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Made-Over Dress.

In answer to a question for a pattern or style for a last year's dress of silk, to be made over, the illustration from the last "Season" is here given. As seen, the skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a two-inch ruffle, with heading of the silk, and 16 inches above are two

ruffles, each of the width of the lower one. The puffs of the sleeves are of velvet, and the front and back have the velvet put in plain with the silk drawn back to the shoulders like a bretelle, with gathering upon the shoulders as seen.

It comes like pain to the weary,
Those who are poor and old,
Those who have naught to clothe them,
Nor shelter from winter's cold.
O, for the want and misery!
O, for the poor in need!
Pray for the thousand homeless,
And do some helpful deed.

—ANNE C. NEWBIGGING.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MARY MAPES DODGE, THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The Influences Surrounding Her Youth—Her Marriage and Early Widowhood.

I wonder how many there are of those who have, for many years, been familiar with that beautiful magazine for the young folks, the St. Nicholas, who really appreciate the splendid work done by its editor, Mary Mapes Dodge. To her untiring energy, her clear brain, her marvelous power of discernment, its success is due, and it is a pleasure to know something of the life of this gifted woman.

She was the second of four daughters born to Prof. James J. Mapes and

his lovely wife, and grew up in a home in which was to be found all that goes to make up a desirable social environment. Prof. Mapes was a distinguished scientist and scholar in New York city, while the mother was a charming woman who made the home a center of gracious hospitality. Mary was familiar from childhood with bright and witty conversation, such as would come naturally from the mingling together of poets, statesmen, journalists, scholars and the most accomplished women of the day. She heard books discussed, and what was better, she read the best under the tutelage of her father, who led his little flock to discern the beauties of Shakespeare, of Walter Scott, and of others of the older standard writers, with the best of the more modern authors.

Mary showed a remarkable aptitude for both sculpture and painting, but ere she had time to decide which of the two should claim her attention permanently, love stepped in and swept away her ambitious girlish dreams, and she became the wife of the man who had won her heart.

A few years of happiness followed. Two bright boys filled the house with their childish prattle, and the heart of the mother was full of serene content. Suddenly the husband and father passed into the unseen world, leaving the wife and little ones alone. Mrs. Dodge returned to her father's house, not then as before in the great city of New York, but in a country place in New Jersey.

In the slow moving days of her sorrow, when the future seemed a blank before her, she turned her thoughts to writing for the public. Her first published book was "The Irvington Stories." Then followed "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates." This is said to be a perfect description of life in Holland, even that of the scenery being so natural that it seems as if she must have been there. She had not, however, but she read and reread every book about Holland that she could procure, until it all became familiar to her as an oft visited country, with the result of the beautiful story, which has been translated into several languages, and is as popular here as when published over twenty years ago.

This book established her literary reputation, and her pen has never since been idle. In 1873 the St. Nicholas magazine was started by the Scribners with her as its editor, and I do not need to tell my readers of its success under her direction. Perhaps her tact and judgment in its conduct may be partly owing to her companionship with her boys, to whom she has not only been a wise counsellor, but a sympathizing companion, as ready to enter into their fun and frolic as their more serious pursuits.

Mrs. Dodge's home has been for years in New York city. "Here in beautiful rooms overlooking a park whose summery greenery and winter's snowy garb of beauty alike delight the eye," lives this busy woman, leading a life of usefulness and serene contentment.

Besides her arduous duties as editor, she has found time to write several books, besides that which gave her fame, some of which are the following: "A Few Friends, and How They Enjoyed Themselves," "Donald and Dorothy," "Theophilus and Others," and "Along the Way."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:—We do hereby promise ourselves that from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names.

Macomb, Mo.—John Adams, Chas. Tinkle, Darious Rhoads, Simon Sowersby, Anthony Rhoads, R. N. Campbell, George Brewington, Ernest West, Homer West, Minnie Adams, Dellie Campbell, Armenia Ramsey.

Hutchinson, Kan.—Bertha Hyde, Clyde Hyde, Herbert Brown, Robert Brown, Clarence Hutchinson, Marina Johnson.

Madisonville, Tenn.—Dr. Sgt. Hunt.

Names this week, 19. Total, 32,883.

The above embraces all names received up to December 5.

HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE ONE, SLEEP.

Nature is sinking to peaceful repose,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep;
Sweetly the dewdrop's asleep on the rose,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.
Heaven shield father wherever he be,
Whether on land or the billowy sea,
And bring him back to his baby and me—

Lightly the ripples play over the rill,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep;
Singing the roses to sleep on the hill,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.
Softly the katydid sings in the vines,
Up from the lowlands the murmuring winds
Steal through the stillness to play with the pines—
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.

—Cy Warman.

A BRUSH WITH INDIANS.

The winter of 1870 had been an unfortunate one for Frank Mead. The bank in which he had deposited the money with which to pay off the mortgage on his farm had failed; the loan had been foreclosed, and the land that his father had tilled before him was to be given up to strangers.

"I tell you what, Nancy," said the dispirited farmer to his wife, "this is what I get for having had too much patriotism. When the war broke out my farm hadn't a cent of debt on it, but after four years of going to ruin, while I was away, I had to mortgage it in order to get it running again; then the money I saved to pay it off with was stolen from me, and—and—it seems as though everything's against me."

"Don't despair, Frank," said his wife; "you did your duty, and I'm sure the Lord won't desert us. He will help us out of our troubles in His own good way, dear, if we only trust Him."

Here the kitchen door was flung open to admit a bright, manly lad of fifteen, whose earnest gray eyes lit up with pleasure as they met his father's look. Crossing the room to where he sat, he laid his hand upon his shoulder, while he said, proudly:

"Dad, you ought to have heard what was said about you this afternoon before the Board of Visitors at our school. When I was called to the platform to receive my diploma, one of the gentlemen spoke to Mr. Allison, our principal, asking him something about me; then he turned to me and said out loud, so that everybody heard him: 'So you are the son of Captain Frank Mead? I'm glad to shake hands with you, my boy, for your father was one of the best and bravest officers in my regiment. Tell him that I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon him this evening.' I tell you, dad, it made me proud to have my father spoken of like that!"

The ex-officer's face brightened.

"It must have been Col. Cruger," he said; "I have not seen him since our regiment was disbanded in Washington five years ago. How glad I shall be to see him and talk over old times!"

Until late that night the two veterans sat together rehearsing the scenes in which they had figured, and mentioning softly the names of gallant comrades who had gone on before. During their talk the colonel learned of the misfortunes that had been experienced by his friend.

Suddenly turning to his host he exclaimed:

"I say, Mead, why not join our party? I can offer you an agreeable position with your military experience qualifies you to fill, and the pay is sufficient to support your family comfortably. Come, think about it, and talk it over with your good wife, and let me have your answer in the morning. I shall be detained here for a week, so that if you decide upon joining the expedition, you will have considerable time to make all arrangements."

A family council, which lasted well into the small hours of the morning, resulte in Mr. Mead deciding to go, and in Frank obtaining the desired consent to go with him. When he at last tumbled excitedly into bed he resolutely decided that he would not go to sleep, fearing that if he did the morning would prove it to be all a dream. Nature at last demanded its tribute, and the curly brown head was resting quietly upon the pillow when the sun climbed high enough to look into the window of his bedroom.

The following week was a busy one in the old homestead. Arrangements were made whereby Mrs. Mead was to spend the summer with a relative, and all the live stock, with the exception of Frank's pony, and his father's big black mare, were sold. It seemed to Frank that some disaster was certain to occur before the day set for their departure which would cause the enterprise to fall through, and it was not until the last tender good byes had been said, the horses safely led on board, and the little post steamer steaming up the river from St. Louis, that he felt the first symptoms of relief.

Ten days later the gang-plank was thrown on shore opposite the stockade known as Fort Thomson, which was garrisoned by a regiment of United States infantry and several companies of cavalry. Here Col. Cruger found the remainder of his party awaiting him, and a few days sufficed to thoroughly organize the expedition. Major Montgomery, the commander of the post, informed the colonel that although the Indians had been quiet for some time in the vicinity of the station, it would be unwise to place any dependence upon those to be met with on the journey, and advised him to conduct the survey slightly upon the lines that would be followed in a hostile country.

Early one morning six tent-covered wagons, known as prairie schooners, each drawn by four mules, left Fort Thomson under an escort of forty men and rolled in a westerly direction across the plain.

When a halt was made the following day it was figured that only 25 miles of the journey had been covered, so slowly was the movement of the heavily laden wagons. Riding by the side of the guide hour after hour, Frank had been instructed in the rudiments of Indian signs, and regaled with stories of hair-breadth escapes from the painted and feathered warriors of the plains.

A short time after breaking camp the next morning, Frank was sent back with a message to the driver of the rear wagon. He carried out his instructions and started to return, when his pony picked up a stone in his shoe. Dismounting, he attempted to pry it out, but it was so firmly wedged that the last of the train had disappeared over a rise of ground just ahead before he succeeded in freeing the hoof; then, just as he was in the act of mounting, a scattering volley of rifle-shots and a series of blood-curdling yells rang out on the early morning. To reason that the train was attacked by Indians was the thought of a moment. Why was that he did not obey a natural impulse to throw himself into his saddle and spur furiously over the hill in an attempt to rejoin the wagons he could never tell. Perhaps the seeds of Indian warfare planted only a short time before by the old plainsman were already developing.

The crest of the ridge was covered with bushes, so that it was possible to creep among them and observe what was going on without betraying his presence. Leading his pony a short distance up the ascent, he quickly hitched the bridle-rein to a sapling; then, with wildly beating heart, crept on his hands and knees until the summit was gained. Looking through the foliage Frank saw, about a quarter of a mile away, several hundred Indians galloping about the wagons, which were being rapidly formed into a square to encircle the unhitched mules and unmounted horses. The redskins continually swept around the barricade, discharging arrows at the men, who blazed away at them in return, only to see the wily savages disappear behind the sides of their scraggy mustangs, to which they clung by one leg and arm until out of rifle-shot, when they would swing themselves upright, adjust new arrows, and charge furiously down upon the train, to let slip their poisoned darts and to immediately screen themselves again.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THIRTY MILLION CAKES.

Thirty million cakes—of what, pray?
Were they eaten in one day?
Were they cakes of Indian batter,
Making fat men grow still fatter?

Thirty thousand thousand cakes!
Is there any griddle bakes
Buckwheat cakes to that extent?
If so, where d'you think they went?

Thrice ten million cakes of what?
Could any cook have served them hot?
How much butter 'spose it takes
To butter thrice ten million cakes?

Thirty million cakes, I hear,
Made and sold within a year.
You were one that bought, I hope,
For these were cakes of *Ivory Soap!*

Once it's tried, it stands confessed
By all who use it—as *the best!*
Forty million cakes, I hear,
They hope to sell another year!

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OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was of low stature, with small, black, and piercing eyes, and a high, broad forehead, his hair always being powdered to absolute whiteness. The glitter of his eyes was decidedly startling, and generally indicated an inner and sinister purpose. In the department of law relating to land titles he was perfectly at home, though he had not a very broad professional culture. He could be sharp, cunning, and even tricky, but never truly great. He was one of the participants in a duel recorded in American history, and was afterward tried for treason, but acquitted for want of sufficient evidence against him. "SID."

2.—OUR PUZZLERS' ENIGMA.

I am composed of 47 letters, and am an old and true saying.
My 15-41-10 is one of our puzzlers.
My 42-8-44-3-1-4-37-16 is one of our puzzlers.
My 11-40-16 is one of our puzzlers.
My 35-22-44-8-33-30-28 is one of our puzzlers.
My 22-22-43 is one of our puzzlers.
My 14-12-34-43-3 is one of our puzzlers.
My 36-20-23-6-8-43-10-27 is one of our puzzlers.
My 22-25-24 is one of our puzzlers.
My 29-7-7-9-36 is one of our puzzlers.
My 12-30-7-22-46 is one of our puzzlers.
My 7-2-41-22-32-30 is one of our puzzlers.
My 24-3-30-38-8-27-16 is one of our puzzlers.
My 43-45-30-21-47-18-40-31-41-1 is a great help to puzzlers.
My 24-28-29-36-2-46 is the surname of a good friend to puzzlers.
My 11-19-13-25-47-22-27 is what you must be to solve puzzles. "NED."

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Supposing a Belt-line electric railway is 7 miles around, the cars moving 9 miles an hour, in closing stops. If a car passes a man walking in the same direction at the rate of 3 miles an hour, how far will the boy walk before the same car passes him again? S."

4.—CHARADE.

For my first an article take,
That we speak many times a day;
A part of your body my second frame,
The highest in rank we will say.
My third the comparative is
Of an adjective meaning "quite small;"
My fourth is an animal sometimes ill-bred,
But very much prized by us all.
My fifth, in the animal world,
Claims to hold the lofiest station;
My whole is a mythical personage,
Of Washington Irving's creation.
"BEE."

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell us something about Fingal's Cave?
"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS."

Answers to Puzzles of November 23.

1. Socrates.
2. L O A D
   O T T O
   A T O M
   D O M E
3. Kind words can never die.
4. Notes in mittens catch no mice. 5—"A stitch in time saves nine." 6—A long lane that has no turning. 7—A word to the wise is sufficient. 8—Waste not want not.
4. The number is 27.
5. Knowledge. Words. Know now, owl, lod, ledge, edge.

Answer to query, "Who was Noble?

Noble was a Grecian mythological personage, daughter of Tamedus and sister to Niobe, wife of Amphion, King of Theb

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WHAT CLEVELAND WANTS

HIS MESSAGE COMMENDS THE WILSON BILL.

Says It Will Have an Income Tax Clause—Wants No Silver Legislation—Will Reinstate Lilluokalani.

The Congress of the United States:

The constitutional duty which requires the President from time to time to give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient, is fittingly entered upon by commending to the Congress a careful examination of the detailed statements and well supported recommendations contained in the reports of the heads of departments, who are chiefly charged with the executive work of the government.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Grover Recounts a List of Minor Diplomatic Matters.

The outbreak of domestic hostilities in the republic of Brazil found the United States alert to watch the interests of our citizens in that country, with which we carry on important commerce. Several vessels of our new navy are now, and for some time have been, stationed at Rio de Janeiro. The struggle being between the established government, which controls the machinery of administration, and with which we maintain friendly relations, and certain officers of the navy employing the vessels of their command in an attack upon the national capital and chief seaport, and lacking as it does, the elements of divided administration, I have failed to see that the insurgents can reasonably claim recognition as belligerents. Thus far the position of our government has been that of an attentive but impartial observer of the unfortunate conflict.

Emphasizing our fixed policy of impartial neutrality in such a condition of affairs as now exists, I deem it necessary to disavow, in a manner not to be misunderstood, the unauthorized action of our late naval commander in those waters in saluting the revolted Brazilian admiral, being indisposed to countenance an act calculated to give gratuitous sanction to the local insurrection.

Going for Minister Egan.

The message announces the organization of the claims commission to adjust the demands of Chile and the United States against each other, and goes on:

The vexatious question of so-called "legation asylum" for offenders against the state and its laws was presented anew in Chile by the authorized action of the late United States Minister in receiving into his official residence two persons who had just fallen in an attempt at revolution, and against whom criminal charges were pending, growing out of a former abortive disturbance. The doctrine of asylum as applied to this case is not sanctioned by the best precedents, and, when allowed, tends to encourage and sanction strife. Under no circumstances can the representatives of this government be permitted, under the ill-defined fiction of extra territoriality, to interfere with the administration of criminal justice in the countries to which they are accredited. A temperate demand having been made by the Chilean government for the correction of this conduct in the instance mentioned, the minister was instructed no longer to harbor the offenders.

The Geary Law.

(After reciting the failure of the Chinese to register, as required by the Geary act, under the impression it was unconstitutional, and the Supreme court decision sustaining it, the message says:)

It is believed that under the recent amendment of the act extending the time for registration, the Chinese laborers thereto entitled, who desire to reside in this country, will now avail themselves of the renewed privilege thus afforded of establishing by possible future proof their right to remain, and that thereby the necessity of enforced deportation may to a great degree be avoided.

No Arms for Africans.

By article XII. of the general act of Brussels, signed July 2, 1890, for the suppression of the slave trade and the restriction of certain injurious commerce in the independent state of the Congo, and in the Lacustrine zone of Central Africa, the United States and the other signatory powers agreed to adopt appropriate means for the punishment of persons selling arms and ammunition to natives, and for the confiscation of the inhibited articles. It being the duty of this government to aid in suppressing the nefarious traffic impairing, as it does, the praiseworthy and civilizing efforts now in progress in that region, I recommend that an act be passed prohibiting the sale of arms and intoxicants to natives in the regulated zone by our citizens.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The canal company, has unfortunately, become financially, seriously embarrassed, but a generous treatment has been extended to it by the government of Nicaragua. The United States are especially interested in the successful achievement of the canal enterprise, this company being in charge. That it should be accomplished under distinctively American auspices, and its enjoyment assured not only to the vessels of this country as a channel of communication between our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, but to the ships of the world in the interests of civilization, is a proposition which in my judgment, does not admit of question.

THE HAWAIIAN MATTER.

Grover Insists on Blount's Version, and Wishes to Restore the Queen.

It is hardly necessary for me to state that the questions arising from our relations with Hawaii have caused serious embarrassment. Just prior to the installation of the present administration, the existing government of Hawaii had been suddenly overthrown and a treaty of annexation had been negotiated between the provisional government of the islands and the United States, and submitted to the Senate for ratification.

This treaty I withdrew for examination, and dispatched Hon. James H. Blount, of Georgia, to Honolulu as a special commissioner to make an impartial investigation of the circumstances attending the change of government, and of all the conditions bearing upon the subject of the treaty. After a thorough and exhaustive examination, Mr. Blount submitted to me his report, showing beyond all question that the constitutional government of Hawaii had been subverted with the active aid of our representative to that government, and through the intimidation caused by the presence of an armed naval force of the United States, which was landed for that purpose at the instance of our minister.

Upon the facts developed it seemed to me the only honorable course for our government to pursue was to undo the wrong that had been done by those representing and misusing its name, so far as practicable, the status existing at the time of our forcible intervention.

Willis's Instructions.

With a view of accomplishing this result within the constitutional limits of executive power, and recognizing all our obligations and responsibilities growing out of any changed conditions brought about by our unjustifiable interference, our present minister at Honolulu has received appropriate instructions to that end.

Thus far no information of the accomplishment of any definite results has been received from him. Additional advices are soon expected. When received they will be promptly sent to the Congress, together with all other information at hand, accompanied by a special executive message fully detailing all the facts necessary to complete understanding of the case, and presenting a history of all material events leading up to the present situation.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

A Summary of Our Balance Sheet for the Past Year.

The Secretary of the Treasury reports that the receipts of the government from all sources during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893, amounted to $461,716,561.94 and its expenditures to $459,374,674.23. There was collected from customs $205,-255,016.73 and from internal revenue $161,-027,622.93. Our dutiable imports amounted to $421,856,711, an increase of $52,453,907 over the preceding year, and the importations free of duty amounted to $444,544,-211, a decrease from the preceding year of $13,405,445.

Internal revenue receipts exceeded those of the preceding year by $7,147,445.32. The total tax collected on distilled spirits was $94,720,260.55; on manufactured tobacco, $31,889,711.74, and on fermented liquors $2,548,083.07.

We exported merchandise during the year amounting to $847,665,194, a decrease of $182,242,954 from the preceding year. The amount of gold exported was larger than any previous year in the history of the government, amounting to $108,689,844, and exceeding the amount exported during the preceding year by $58,485,517. The sum paid from the Treasury for sugar bounty was $9,375,130.88, an increase over the preceding year of $2,033,053.09.

A Deficiency Certain.

It is estimated, upon the basis of present revenue laws, that the receipts of the government for the year ending June 30, 1894, will be $420,121,365, and that its expenditures $438,121,367.38, resulting in a deficiency of $28,000,000.

On the 1st day of November, 1893, the amount of money of all kinds in circulation, or not including Treasury holdings, was $1,718,544,682, an increase for the year of $112,404,947. Estimating our population at 67,426,000 at the time mentioned, the per capita circulation was $25.49. On the same date there was in the Treasury gold bullion amounting to $96,677,273, and silver bullion which was purchased at a cost of $126,161,553.

Silver.

The purchases of silver under the law of July 14, 1890, during the last fiscal year, aggregated 54,098,162.59 fine ounces, which cost $45,531,374.53. The total amount of silver purchased from the time that law became operative until the repeal of its purchasing clause, on the 1st day of November, 1893, was 168,674,590.46 fine ounces, which cost $155,930,940.84. Between the 1st day of March, 1873, and the 1st day of November, 1893, the government purchased, under all laws, 503,-663,717 fine ounces of silver, at a cost of $516,622,918.

The silver dollars that have been coined under the act of July 14, 1890, number 332,987,285. The seigniorage arising from such coinage was $6,977,098.39, leaving on hand in the mints 140,699,760 fine ounces of silver, which cost $126,758,218.

Our total coinage of all metals during the last fiscal year consisted of 97,280,875 pieces, valued at $43,685,178.80, of which there was $30,038,140 in gold coin, $5,-343,715 in silver dollars, $7,217,220.90 in subsidiary silver coin, and $1,086,102.90 in minor coins.

Gold and Silver Production.

During the calendar year 1892, the production of precious metals in the United States was estimated to be 1,556,375 fine ounces of gold, of the commercial and coinage value of $32,070,000, and 58,000,-000 fine ounces of silver, of the bullion or market value of $50,750,000, and of the coinage value of $74,989,960.

It is estimated that on the first day of July, 1893, the metallic stock of money in the United States, consisting of coin and bullion, amounting to $1,213,559,169, of which $597,607,685 was gold, and $615,-861,484 was silver.

National Banks.

Onehundred and nineteen national banks were organized during the year ending October 31, 1893, with a capital of $11,-250,000. Forty-six went into voluntary liquidation, and one hundred and fifty-eight suspended. Sixty-five of the suspended banks were insolvent, eighty-six resumed business, and seven remained in the hands of bank examiners, with prospects of speedy resumption.

Of the new banks organized, 44 were located in the Eastern states, 41 west of the Mississippi river, and 34 in the Central and Southern states. The total number of national banks in existence on the 31st day of October, 1893, was 3,196, having an aggregate capital of $696,558,120. The net increase in the circulation of these banks during the year was $36,-888,972.

Don't Want Financial Legislation.

The recent repeal of the provisions of law requiring the purchase of silver bullion by the government as a feature of our monetary scheme, has made an entire change in the completion of our currency affairs. I do not doubt that the ultimate result of this action will be most salutary and far-reaching.

In the nature of things, however, it is impossible to know at this time precisely what conditions will be brought about by the change, or what, if any, supplementary legislation may, in the light of such conditions, appear to be essential or expedient. I am confident, after the recent financial perturbation, time is necessary for the re-establishment of business confidence. When, however, through this restored confidence, the money which has been driven into hoarding places is returned to trade and enterprise, a survey of the situation will probably disclose a safe path leading to a permanently sound currency, abundantly sufficient to meet the ever increasing demand of our increasing population and business.

In the pursuit of this object, we should resolutely turn away from alluring and temporary expedients, determined to be content with nothing less than a lasting and comprehensive financial plan. In these circumstances, I am convinced that a reasonable delay in dealing with this subject, instead of being harmful, will increase the probability of wise action.

The Silver Conference.

The monetary conference which assembled at Brussels upon our invitation was adjourned to the 30th day of November in the present year. The considerations that led, and the fact that a definite proposition from us seemed to be expected upon the reassembling of the conference, led me to express a willingness to have the meeting still further postponed.

It seems to me that it would be wise to give general authority to the President to invite other nations to such a conference at any time when there should be a fair prospect of accomplishing an international agreement on the subject of coinage.

Power Asked to Issue Bonds.

I desire also to earnestly suggest the wisdom of amending the existing statutes in regard to the issuance of government bonds.

The authority now vested in the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds is not as clear as it should be, and the bonds authorized are disadvantageous to the government, both as to the time of their maturity and date of interest.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

A Reorganization of the Army is Earnestly Recommended.

The secretary of War reports that the strength of the army on the 30th day of September last was 25,778 enlisted men and 2,144 officers.

The total enrollment of militia of the several states was, on the 31st of October of the current year, 112,507 officers and enlisted men. The officers of the army detailed for its inspection and instruction report that increased interest and marked progress are apparent in the discipline and efficiency of the organization.

The operation of wise laws and the influences of civilization constantly tending to relieve the country from the dangers of Indian hostilities, together with the increasing ability of the states, through the efficiency of the National Guard organizations, to protect their citizens from domestic violence, lead to the suggestion that the time is fast approaching when there should be a reorganization of our army on the lines of the present necessities of the country.

This change contemplates neither increase in number nor added expense, but a redistribution of the force and an encouragement of measures tending to greater efficiency among the men, and improvement of the service.

It is gratifying to note that we have begun to attain completed results in the comprehensive state of sea-coast defense and fortification, entered upon eight years ago. A large sum has been already expended, but the cost of maintenance will be inconsiderable as compared with the expense of construction and ordnance.

At the end of the current calendar year, the War department will have nine 12-inch guns, twenty 10-inch, and thirty-four 8-inch guns, ready to be mounted on gun lifts and carriages, and seventy-five 12-inch mortars. In addition to the product of the army gun factory now completed at Watervliet, the government has contracted with private parties for the purchase of one hundred guns of these calibers, the first of which should be delivered to the department for test before July 1, 1894.

(The manufacture of the new magazine rifle for the army is going on at Springfield, and the army will be supplied by the end of June next. The Chickamauga military park will be opened during the coming year, and the work of locating the lines of battle at Gettysburg is progressing.)

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

Abolition of the Fee System for United States Coast Officials.

I can not too heartily indorse the proposition that the fee system, applicable to the compensation of United States attorneys, marshals, clerks of federal courts and United States commissioners, should be abolished with as little delay as possible. It is clearly in the interest of the community that the business of the courts, both civil and criminal, shall be as small and as inexpensive as the ends of justice will allow.

THE POSTOFFICES.

A Large Deficiency in Revenue as the Result of the Panic.

The business of the mails indicates with absolute certainty the condition of the business of the country, and depression in financial affairs inevitably and quickly reduces the postal revenues. Therefore a larger discrepancy than usual between the postoffice receipts and expenditures is to be expected, and is unavoidable, as the result of the distressing stringency which has prevailed throughout the country during most of the time covered by the Postmaster General's report.

The railway mail service not only adds to the promptness of mail delivery at all offices, but it is the special instrumentality which puts the smaller and way places in the service on an equality in that regard with the larger and terminal offices.

This branch of the postal service has therefore received much attention from the Postmaster General, and though it is gratifying to know that it is in a condition of high efficiency and great usefulness, there is room for its further improvement.

OUR NEW NAVY.

Demand for New Cruisers—Why the New Vessels Were Delayed.

Progress in the construction of new vessels has not been as rapid as was anticipated. There have been delays in the completion of unarmored vessels, but for the most part they have been such as are constantly occurring even in countries having the largest experience in naval ship building. The most serious delays, however, have been in the work upon armored ships. The trouble has been the failure of contractors to deliver armor as agreed. The difficulties seem now, however, to have been all overcome, and armor is being delivered with satisfactory promptness.

The New Navy.

The following vessels of the new navy have been completed and are now ready for service:

The double-turreted coast defense monitor Miantonomoh, the double-turreted coast defense monitor Monterey, the armored cruiser New York, the protected cruisers Baltimore, Chicago, Philadelphia, Newark, San Francisco, Charleston, Atlanta and Boston, the cruiser Detroit, the gunboats Yorktown, Concord, Bennington, Machias, Castine and Petrel, the dispatch vessel Dolphin, the practice vessel Penacroft and the submarine gunboat Vesuvius. Of these the Bancroft, Machias, Detroit and Castine have been placed in commission during the current calendar year.

The following vessels are in progress of construction: The second-class battleships Maine and Texas, the cruisers Montgomery and Marblehead, and the coast defense monitors Terror, Puritan, Amphitrite and Monadnock, all of which will be completed within one year; the harbor defense ram Kathadin, and the protected cruisers Columbia, Minneapolis, Olympia, Cincinnati and Raleigh, all of which will be completed prior to July 1, 1895; the first-class battleships Iowa, Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon, which will be completed February 1, 1896; and the armored cruiser Brooklyn, which will be completed by August 1 of that year. It is also expected that the three gunboats authorized by the last Congress will be completed in less than two years.

PENSION MATTERS.

The President's Defense of Hoke Smith's Policy.

The Secretary of the Interior has supervision of so many important subjects that his report is of especial value and interest On the 30th day of June, 1893, there were on the pension rolls 966,012 names, an increase of 89,944 over the number on the rolls June 30, 1892. Of these there were 17 widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers, 86 survivors of the war of 1812, 5,425 widows of soldiers of that war, 21,518 survivors and widows of the Mexican war, 3,882 survivors and widows of Indian wars, 284 army nurses, and 475,845 survivors and widows and children of deceased soldiers and sailors of the war of the rebellion. The latter number represents those pensioned on account of disability or death resulting from army and navy service.

The number of persons remaining on the rolls June 30, 1893, who were pensioned under the act of June 27, 1890, which allows pensions on account of death and disability not chargeable to army service, was 459,155.

The number added to the rolls during the year was 123,634, and the number dropped was 33,690. The first payments on pensions allowed during the year amounted to $33,756,549.98. This includes arrears, or the accumulation between the time from which the allowance of pension dates and the time of actually granting the certificate.

Although the law of 1890 permits pensions for disabilities not related to military service, yet, as a requisite to its benefits, a disability must exist incapacitating applicants "from the performance of manual labor to such a degree as to render them unable to earn a support."

The execution of this law in its early stages does not seem to have been in accord with its true intentions, but toward the close of the last administration an authoritative construction was given to the statute and since that time this construction has been followed. This has had the effect of limiting the operation of the law to its intended purpose.

Suspension of Pensions.

The discovery having been made that many names had been put upon the pension rolls by means of wholesale and gigantic frauds, the commissioner suspended payments upon a number of pensions which seemed to be fraudulent. The operations of this order, and the fact that a definite proposition from us seemed to be expected upon the reassembling of the conference, led me to express a willingness to have the meeting still further postponed.

It seems to me that it would be wise to give general authority to the President to invite other nations to such a conference at any time when there should be a fair prospect of accomplishing an international agreement on the subject of coinage.

Power Asked to Issue Bonds.

I desire also to earnestly suggest the wisdom of amending the existing statutes in regard to the issuance of government bonds.

The authority now vested in the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds is not as clear as it should be, and the bonds authorized are disadvantageous to the government, both as to the time of their maturity and date of interest.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

A Reorganization of the Army is Earnestly Recommended.

The secretary of War reports that the strength of the army on the 30th day of September last was 25,778 enlisted men and 2,144 officers.

The total enrollment of militia of the several states was, on the 31st of October of the current year, 112,507 officers and enlisted men. The officers of the army detailed for its inspection and instruction report that increased interest and marked progress are apparent in the discipline and efficiency of the organization.

The operation of wise laws and the influences of civilization constantly tending to relieve the country from the dangers of Indian hostilities, together with the increasing ability of the states, through the efficiency of the National Guard organizations, to protect their citizens from domestic violence, lead to the suggestion that the time is fast approaching when there should be a reorganization of our army on the lines of the present necessities of the country.

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WASHINGTON.

THE MINT REPORT.

Amount of Gold and Silver Coined —Other Statistics.

Washington, Dec. 1.—R. E. Preston, the director of the mint, has submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury the report of the operations of the mint and the assay offices for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893. The following is a synopsis of the report:

The value of the gold deposited, including re-deposits during the fiscal year, 1893, at the mints and assay offices was $50,839,905. Of this sum $33,286,168 was classified as of domestic production. Foreign gold bullion and coin of the value of $8,540,027, old plate, jewelry, etc., to the value of $3,830,176, and uncurrent domestic coin of the value of $806,870 consituted the original deposits.

The amount of silver deposited aggregated $73,135,706, standard ounces of the coining value in silver dollars of $85,103,367. The classification of the amount deposited was as follows: Domestic production, coining value, $53,666,045; foreign bullion and coin coining value, $2,961,181; uncurrent domestic coins sent to the mint for recoinage, $7,617,198; old plate, etc., $5,-326. The value of the coinage executed at the mint during the fiscal year was: Gold, $30,038,140; silver dollars, $5,343,715; subsidiary silver coin, $7,-217,221; minor coin, $1,086,100; total, $43,685,178. The number of pieces coined was 97,280,875.

The amount of silver bullion offered for sale to the government during the year aggregated 98,467,890 fine ounces. The amount purchased, 54,008,162 fine ounces, costing $45,531,374. The average price paid per fine ounce was $0.843.

Something About Coinage.

The total number of silver dollars coined under the act of July 14, 1890, from August 16, 1889, to November 1, was 36,087,285. The seignorage coinage on the same was $6,977,098. The balance of silver bullion on hand November 15, 1893, purchased under the act of July 14, 1890, was 140,689,825 fine ounces, costing $126,758,280. Since March 1, 1878, the government has been a large purchaser of silver. The report of the director of the mint shows that the total amount purchased was 496,984,899 fine ounces, the cost of which was $508,933,975. The average cost per fine ounce was $1.024. The total number of silver dollars coined since March 1, 1878, was 410,-332,550.

The coinage of the world for the calendar year, 1892, is stated to have been: Gold, $167,917,337; silver, $143,-086239. The production of the precious metals in the world during the calendar year 1892, is estimated to have been: Gild, $338,861,000; silver, $186,-458,800.

A brief review is given of the coinage legislation from 1792 down to the present time. He also reviews the course of silver since 1848. The causes of depreciation, according to the director, were the demonetization of silver by Germany and the Scandinavian states, the suspension of its coinage by the Latin Union, the Netherlands, Austria, Hungary and Russia and the increased production of the metal, this last being the most potent.

SUGAR-RAISERS IN ARMS.

The McKinley Law Construed as a Time Contract.

Washington, Nov. 29.—The sugar raisers of the country, that is, very many of them, are not satisfied with the proposition to gradually abolish the sugar bounty as intended in the Wilson bill. Consequently they will continue to contest in the Senate and the House with the hope of securing a modification of the clause if they cannot get it stricken out entirely. They are asserting that under the promise of the continuation of the bounty granted by the McKinley law, which they construe as a time contract, they had every reason to suppose that the two cents a pound bounty would be continued for fifteen years from the time the bounty was provided and say they will push their fight to the utmost limit with the hope of securing better terms than the Wilson bill gives. They assert that they have also made contracts for many years ahead, which were controlled by the same consideration. They also assert that in granting this county the government of the United States followed an example set by several European nations.

Can Produce Enough.

They say that with the business once well started the United States can produce all the sugar the people of this country will consume and thus keep at home the money, amounting to over one hundred million dollars annually, now sent abroad for sugar. They show that while the people of the United States consume about one-third of the world's sugar product, they now produce even under the increase caused by the stimulus of the McKinley bounty, only about one-tenth of the amount consumed in the United States.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

Not a Very Encouraging Report of the Country's Finances.

Washington, Dec. 2.—The public debt statement issued yesterday shows the net increase of the public debt, less cash in treasury, during the month of November, to have been $6,716,495. The interest bearing debt increased $180,000; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity decreased $35,190, and the debt bearing no interest decreased $343,166. There was a decrease in the cash balance in the treasury during the month of $7,-094,674.

The customs receipts this fiscal year have fallen off $23,589,820, and the internal revenue eceipts $7,666,-678, as compared with last year. The expenditures under the head of "war" this year have been $6,162,133, and under the head of "navy," $1,913,289, greater than for first five months of last year. The total amount of national bank circulation outstanding November 30 was $208,850,788, an increase in circulation since November 30, 1892, of $35,339,960, and a decrease since October 31, 1893, of $363,378.

TONNAGE OF THE COUNTRY.

Annual Report of the Commissnoner of Navigation.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The following is an abstract of the annual report of Commissioner of Navigation E. C. O'Brien: The tonnage of the country exhibited an increase of 60,156 tons during the last fiscal year, from 4,765,921 in 1892 to 4,825,071 in 1893. There was a decrease in sailing tonnage but an increase in steam tonnage. The tonnage of both American and foreign vessels entered at our ports show a decrease as a result of the general depression of trade. The tonnage which passed through the Detroit river during the year 1893 amounted to 24,785,000 tons. The cost of transporting grain from Chicago to New York by lake, canal and Hudson river foll from 28 1-4 cents in 1862 to 7 1-4 cents in 1893. The business of iron shipbuilding is progressing greatly. As a result of careful study of the operations of the bureau of Navigation, Commissioner O'Brien recommends the creation of a department of commerce.

WANT AN INVESTIGATION.

Senator Sherman Presents Petitions From Ohio Veterans.

Washington, Dec. 5.—(Special.)—Senator Sherman to-day presented to the Senate a petition from a large number of old soldier organizations, scattered throughout the state of Ohio, asking for an investigation by the Senate into the workings of the Pension bureau. These petitions come from Findlay, Sanford, Pymont, Fultonham, and many other places throughout the state, and are signed by a large number of union veterans.

To Extradite Menage.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The department of State has applied to the authorities in Honduras for the extradition of Menage, the Minneapolis embezzler, and to the authorities of Guatemala for information on the case. The department has been informed that Menage is now in Honduras.

MR. ECKELS'S REPORT.

The Comptroller Talks on Banks and Banking.

Washington, Dec. 4.—The annual report of the comptroller of the currency, which will be submitted to Congress, is more brief than the report usually made by that officer. It differs from former reports in that no tables appear in the body of the text. It shows 3,796 national banks to have been in operation at the close of the report year, with a capital stock of $656,558,120, represented by 7,450,000 shares, held by 300,000 shareholders.

At the last report of condition the total resources of the banks then in operation was $3,109,563,284.36. The total amount of circulation was, on October 31, $209,311,993, a net increase during the year of $36,886,972. During the year 119 banks were organized in thirty-two states and territories, with a capital stock of $11,230,000, distributed as follows: Forty-four with a capital stock of $5,135,000 in the Eastern states; 41 with a capital stock of $2,340,000 west of the Mississippi river, and 34 with a capital stock of $3,755,-000 in the Central and Southern states.

Currency Legislation.

Upon the subejct of currency legislation is the following:

The comptroller has been urged to make some specific recommendation with respect to a revision of the law so far as it pertains to the issuing of currency. After a careful consid-ration of the question, the comptroller is of the opinion that, aside from the amendments heretofore suggested—allowing banks to issue circulating notes to an amount equal to the par value of the bonds held to secure circulation and abolishing a portion of the tax on national bank circulation—the public good will be best subserved at this time by making no radical change in the provision of the law as it now stands.

The financial situation of the past few months was not the result of either a lack in the volume of currency, of which there is now a plethora, nor a want of elasticity in the present system of issuing it, but arose from a loss of confidence on the part of the people in the solvency of the distinctively monetary institutions of the country.

TRADE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Report of the Commissioner of Navigation.

Washington, Dec. 5.—E. C. O'Brien, Commissioner of Navigation, has presented his annual report to the Treasury department. The vessels composing the merchant marine of the United States number 24,712, with 4,825,071 tonnage. In 1892 there were 24,383 vessels and 4,764,921 tonnage. There has been a steady growth in American domestic shipping from 1790, when the total tonnage was 478,377. The report says:

American vessels employed in our domestic commerce are absolutely protected against the competition of foreign vessels by the acts of February 18, 1793, and March 1, 1817, which laws confine our domestic or coastwise trade to vessels of the United States. American vessels employed in domestic commerce, however, meet the unrestricted competition of railroads.

American vessels employed in our foreign commerce are, on the other hand, obliged to face the unrestricted competition of the vessels of all the commercial nations of the globe, under provisions of the maritime reciprocity act of May 24, 1828. The tonnage of American vessels employed in our foreign commerce fell from 2,379,-336 tons in 1860 to 883,199 tons in 1893.

American tonnage entered at seaports of the United States fell from 71.56 per cent of the total tonnage entered in 1856 to 20.59 per cent of the total entered in 1880, since which time there has been little change. The foreign tonnage entered exhibited a corresponding increase.

Our foreign commerce has enormously increased during the last thirty-five years, but the proportion of that commerce carried in American vessels fell from 75.7 per cent in 1858 to 12.2 per cent in 1893, while the proportion carried in foreign vessels increased from 26.3 per cent in 1858 to 87.8 per cent in 1893.

COLD COMFORT FOR THEM.

Free Coinage Men Look Sad Over Cleveland's Financial Views.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The free coinage men of the House do not see any silver lining in the message of President Cleveland. They exhibited some disappointment, not for publication, but as expressing their belief that the President did not care to see any legislation looking to the remonetization of silver. They said that the suggestion about an international conference was vague and indicated that there was not much apparent desire on the part of the administration to have the question considered at an early day. In talking to such members of Congress as claimed to be free silver men, but who voted to repeal the Sherman law, the free coinage men said that it was the fulfillment of what they predicted at the time, that the conditional repeal of the Sherman law meant that there would be no more silver legislation during this Congress, and that it was not intended that there should be any during the present administration.

ON THE ALIEN CONTRACT LAW.

Important Decision Rendered by the Supreme Court.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The United States Supreme Court to-day rendered an opinion, which, while affirming the constitutionality of the alien contract labor law will embarrass to some extent the practical enforcement of the law. The question came up on the appeal of Joseph Lees and John S. Lees from a decision of the United States Circuit Court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, fining them $1,000 each for importing Frederick Graham, of England, to perform labor in the mill at Bridgeport, Pa. The court holds that the act is valid, but that when the accused parties were compelled to give evidence against themselves in a criminal proceeding their constitutional rights were violated and hence reverses the decision.

SHOULD BE PASSED AT ONCE.

Two Bills to Protect Old Soldiers Introduced by Mr. Martin.

Washington, Dec. 5.—Representative Martin, of Kansas, yesterday introduced in the House two bills of great interest to pensioners. The first prohibits the suspension of any pensioner until it has been conclusively proven that his pension was obtained by fraud. The other bill provides for an appeal from the secretary of the Interior to the Supreme court of the District of Columbia in pension decisions.

The President's Thanksgiving.

Washington, Dec. 1.—President and Mrs. Cleveland spent a very quiet Thanksgiving. They attended the Central Presbyterian church where they listened to an eloquent sermon by Dr. Bryon Sunderland, their old pastor.

Will Hear the Palmetto Case.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The date for hearing arguments before the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia in the famous Palmetto case, in which the state of South Carolina seeks a trade mark on its dispensary liquors, has been fixed at Jan. 4, 1894.

Hornblower Renominated.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The President to-day re-nominated W. P. Hornblower, of New York, to be associate justice of the Supreme Court.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure,

CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS, With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents

VAN ALEN WON'T ACCEPT.

Admits That He Contributed to the Campaign Fund.

New York, Dec. 4.—The following correspondence between the Hon. J. J. Van Alen and the President and department of State is made public and is self-explanatory:

"Newport, R. I., Nov. 20, 1893.

"To the Hon. Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State:

"Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of October, in which you officially notify me that the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, has appointed me ambassador to Italy. Since the receipt of your letter I have given the matter my most serious and careful attention, and, as a result of my reflections, have concluded to ask you to express to the President my decision not to accept the office tendered me.

"I must beg that you will not infer from this action any lack of appreciation on my part of the honor conferred. On the contrary I fully comprehend the dignity, importance and responsibility of the position, and having this realization I may frankly add that the nomination was extremely gratifying to me—not in a personal sense, merely, but more particularly because of the opportunity afforded me of representing my country in such a manner as I hoped may be satisfactory to the American people and creditable to the administration.

Comments of the Press.

"Among the comments upon my nomination which appeared in the public press one charge only merits attention, not because it was true, but because it was, and, I suppose, still is believed by many persons unfamiliar with the individuals concerned and the facts essential to the formation of accurate judgment. The charge was that I received the appointment in return for a contribution of $50,000 to the Democratic national campaign fund. While my nomination was pending in the Senate it did not seem fitting and proper for me to offer more than an explicit denial. I was aware that, as a denial of an interested party, my statement would have but little effect beyond the limit of my personal acquaintances. Now, however, when my action cannot be fairly attributed to purely selfish motives, it seems to me that a repetition of that denial, which I make without qualification, should be sufficient for any honorable man.

Put Up the "Long Green."

"I have never denied, and do not now deny, that I contributed to the campaign fund—not $50,000, but yet a considerable sum of money, sincerely believing as I did that a continuation of Republican supremacy would be, not only a hindrance to national progress, but in time a positive menace to the success of popular government, and having large interests at stake, I was impelled by both patriotic and selfish reasons, to aid the Democratic cause. So far from attaching undue importance to it, I was fully aware that the contribution meant far less to me than the time and effort devoted by thousands of unselfish citizens to the same campaign. Nor did I believe that it should entitle me to any more consideration. On the contrary, I have not only admitted, but have positively insisted at all times that it created no obligation to me whatever, and I feel confident that the President, who in fact was kind enough to say to the Democrats of Rhode Island that his personal acquaintance with me enabled him to consider my candidacy solely upon its merits, will bear me out in this assertion.

"On the other hand, I frankly admit that, until after the appointment had been made, it never once occurred to my mind that my contribution could be used to my injury. It therefore seems to me sufficient to add that self-respect compels me to adopt the only alternate and to decline the high office to which I have been appointed. I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your Obedient Servant,

"J. J. VAN ALEN."

Mr. Cleveland's Letter.

Two days later President Cleveland sent the following to Mr. Van Alen:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Nov. 22, '93.

"To Hon. J. J. Van Alen:

"My Dear Sir—The secretary of State has submitted to me your letter of the 20th instant in which you tender your resignation as ambassador to Italy.

"I hasten to express my earnest wish that you will reconsider this conclusion. The sentiments contained in your letter do credit to your conscience and Americanism, but you must allow me to dissent from their application in this case.

"I did not select you for nomination to the Italian mission without satisfying myself of your entire fitness for the place. I am now better convinced of your fitness than ever. You know and I know, that all the malignant criticism that has been indulged in regarding this appointment has no justification and that the decent people who have doubted its propriety have been misled, or have missed the actual considerations upon which it rests. We should not yield to the noise and clamor which have arisen from those conditions.

"My personal preference should enter very slightly into your final determination, but so far as I have such preference it is emphatically that you accept the honorable office conferred upon you and vindicate the discharge of its duties the wisdom and propriety of your selection. Awaiting your reply, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

In response to this letter Mr. Van Alen only said that his mind was not changed and he could not accept.

IN THE CHANNELS OF TRAVEL

Dr. Probst Fears There Will Be a Smallpox Epidemic.

Columbus, Dec. 1.—(Special.)—Secretary Probst, of the state board of health, regards the numerous outbreaks of smallpox as startling, and the bulletin issued by the board to-morrow will contain an article intended to warn people and induce them to submit at once to vaccination. "We have not had an epidemic of smallpox since 1881 and 1882," said he to-day, "and few of the children born since then have been vaccinated." Outbreaks of smallpox are now reported in New York, West Virginia, Virginia, Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio. The condition is most serious in Pennsylvania, where there are eight sections infected. The origin of the disease in five of them are unknown. It was the fact that the origin of the disease was unknown that made the epidemic at Akron so hard to stamp out last year. At Chattanooga the disease has been traced to a coach cleaner and at Nashville to a man employed in a laundry where sleeping car bedding is washed. These facts, Dr. Probst accepts as evidence that the germs are scattered in the channels of travel.

CLEVELAND TO FIGHT TAMMANY.

An Heroic Effort to Smash the Machine.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 29.—There are many indications that the anti-Tammany and anti-snapper Democrats, who are promoting the new Democratic organization which ex-Mayor William R. Grace and ex-Secretary Charles S. Fairchild expect to lead against Tammany and the state machine next year, will to-day issue an appeal calling on all independent Democrats in the state to join in forming a new state organization of the party. The organization made at the anti-snapper convention in Syracuse last year will be followed so far as it has been preserved. To meet this appeal several Democrats, senator David B. Hill, and others representing the present organization held a conference yesterday. The appeal is awaited with great interest since it probably marks the overthrow of the Hill element and the triumph of the Cleveland element of the Democracy.

THE CORWIN HAS SAILED.

Probably for Honolulu, Bearing News of State.

San Francisco, Dec. 5.—The United States revenue cutter Corwin sailed shortly before midnight last night. Her destination is a secret, but it is supposed that she is going to Honolulu with instructions for Minister Willis. It is reported that one of the sailors on the Corwin has been bribed to take dispatches from Minister Thuurston to President Dole. The captain of the Corwin refused to take letters from Hawaiian Consul Wilder, saying he did not know where he was going.

INCREASE OF FUNDS IN ANNUAL GOVERNMENT ESTIMATES.

Reduction of $5,000,000 in Pension Payments—Half a Million Asked for Investigation of Cases.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The book of estimates for appropriations for the fiscal year 1894 and 1895 was sent to Congress yesterday. The amount estimated necessary to carry on the government for the fiscal year is $411,879,-041, as against estimates for 1893-'94 of $421,612,215, and appropriations for 1894 of $432,546,526.

The estimates for 1895 are made up as follows: Executive, $203,280; legislative, $7,903,723; state department, $1,853,638; treasury department, $120,-455,980; war department, $55,277,499; navy department, $28,888,774; interior department, $180,229,220; postoffice department, $8,397,866; department of agriculture, $2,233,843; department of labor, $161,870; department of justice, $6,273,345.

For the investigation of pension cases $500,000 is asked, as against $200,-000 appropriated for the present fiscal year. The amount asked for salaries and expenses for the bureau of animal industry is $7,000, a decrease of $150,000 from the appropriation for the present year. The amount asked for the purchase and distribution of seeds is $35,000, as against an appropriation of $135,000 for the present year. For the Continental Railway commission $30,-000 is asked.

For ordnance supplies, etc., for the army $615,621, an increase of $120,621. For ordnance stores, etc., (navy), $330,000 is asked against $200,000; gun plant, Washington navy pard, $117,000, equipment of vessels, $1,000,000, against $925,000 for the present year. For steam machinery for the Chicago, Hartford, and tugs Standish and Speedwell, $330,000; for the armament and armor of domestic manufacture for the vessels authorized by various acts of Congress, $6,500,000.

Various reductions are made in the appropriations for expenses in the Indian service, and the total estimate is $6,931,156, as against an appropriation of $7,098,011 for the present year.

In the pension appropriations the principal changes are a reduction of $5,000,000 for pension payments; an increase of $1,000,000 for fees and expenses of examining surgeons, and an increase of $100,000 for clerk hire at pension agencies.

For enforcement of the Chinese exclusion act, $50,000; repairs and preservation of public buildings, $225,000; a total for public buildings under the Treasury Department of $1,659,135, as against an appropriation of $650,500 for the present year.

For rivers and harbors, a total of $12,510,000 is estimated for, an increase of more than $5,000,000 over the appropriations for the current year. Of this amount $7,500,000 is to be expended upon such works as may be directed by Congress. Some items in the list are: St. Mary's river at the falls, Mich., $300,000; improving Hay Lake channel, Mich., $150,000.

For the Postoffice Department $17,-250,000 is asked for compensation to postmasters, an increase of $1,650,000; for free delivery, $12,327,685, an increase of over a million; railway postal car service, $26,900,000, an increase of $3,400,000. It is estimated that there will be a postal deficiency of $5,911,736 for the year, for which an appropriation is asked.

A note accompanying the statement of appropriation made for the present year to pay the bounty on sugar, says: "The secretary of the treasury having recommended the repeal of the sugar bounty laws, no estimate is submitted for the fiscal year 1895. In case the law be not repealed $11,000,000 will be required for the purpose."

SWIFT AND HOPKINS

Will Fight It Out for the Mayoralty of Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 4.—The nomination for mayor of George B. Swift at the Republican convention, Saturday, was attended by a tragic incident in the sudden death of the well-known banker, Charles Kozminski. Mr. Koz-

GEORGE B. SWIFT.

minski had seconded the nomination of Mr. Swift and retired to a committee room to serve on the committee on resolutions, when he suddenly sank to the floor, expiring immediately.

When the excitement caused by the banker's death had subsided, the convention proceeded to the nomination of a candidate for the office made vacant by the murder of Mayor Harrison. Swift's was the only name placed in nomination, and the present acting mayor was speedily chosen by acclamation.

The Democratic mayoralty convention, also held Saturday, promised a pretty little war, with John P. Hopkins and Frank Wenter as combatants. Ex-Congressman Frank Lawler, who had for a time posed as a candidate, threw his influence to Wenter, but Hopkins showed unexpected strength and was nominated on the first ballot. A picturesque spectacle in the convention during the general harmonizing after the nomination was Mr. Lawler shaking hands with Washington Hesing, who a few days ago was appointed over Lawler's head as postmaster at Chicago.

MASTER WORKMAN SOVEREIGN.

Powderly's Successor Installed at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Dec. 2.—James Sovereign was installed General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor. He immediately assumed the duties of his office, and nearly all the work on hand here for the executive board was brought to a close this afternoon. To-morrow morning the board will adjourn to reassemble in New York the same day, where a large amount of unfinished business remains to be adjusted.

GREEN B. RAUM, JR., FAILS.

He Was in the Grocery Business in Oklahoma.

Perry, O. T., Dec. 5.—Green B. Raum, jr., son of the ex-commissioner of pensions, who was engaged in the grocery and hardware business, has failed. He had been catering to the Osage Indians, and as the Indians only receive their money quarterly, he probably found the load too heavy. A large amount of money is said to be involved in the failure, but no definite statement is made.

STATEHOOD CONVENTION.

Indians Held a Majority of the Delegates.

Kingfisher, O. T., Nov. 29.—The Oklahoma statehood convention opened Tuesday afternoon with a large and representative gathering. The main fight is over the question of double or sigle statehood, the Democrats holding to the latter idea, while the Republicans favor making Oklahoma alone a state. One delegate from each of the five civilized tribes is here, with a resolution empowering him to cast the votes of the entire delegation. If granted this right, the Indians will have a majority, and be able to carry any proposition.

The Carlin Party All Right.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 1.—A dispatch from Lieut. Elliott to the Associated Press, from Kendrick, Idaho, states that his party and the lost Carlin party have arrived there safely.

Prendergast's Trial Postponed.

Chicago, Dec. 4.—The trial of Prendergast, the slayer of Mayor Harrison, which was set for to-day, has been postponed until Wednesday.

MACKAY'S STEP-DAUGHTER.

Matrimonial Mistake of an American Girl.

New York, Nov. 29.—The announcement by cable that the Princess Colonna, daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay and stepdaughter of Mr. Mackay, is seeking a legal separation from her Italian husband, Prince Ferdinand Gallatro Colonna, is the cause of no little talk among society people on this side of the water.

When Prince Colonna sought the hand of Miss Bryant in marriage ten years ago in Paris his suit was opposed by Mrs. John W.Mackay. The prince met Miss Bryant in Italy. Mrs. Mackay told him that she did not care to have her daughter enter into a matrimonial alliance with a foreigner. His noble birth, his title, were naught. Then, too, she warned him that Miss Bryant was not the daughter of John W. Mackay, the millionaire. She was his stepdaughter and not an heir to the Bonanza King.

The prince pleaded for her hand. Money was not his object. He had money. His was the love of a man for a woman. These were his pleadings, and Mrs. Mackay gave a reluctant consent. The marriage of the prince to the young American woman took place in Paris in 1885, and Mgr. Di Rinde, Papal Nuncio to France, performed the religious ceremony.

After the marriage the prince took his bride to Naples, where they decided to live. He was not a model husband at any time, but he did not at once show his true nature until, six months after their marriage, he appeared in his true colors as a spendthrift, a gambler, and a man with habits that were uncongenial, to say the least, and a decided predilection for a fast life.

The princess was allowed an income of $175,000 a year. This the prince from time to time demanded. It was insufficient to pay his gambling debts and he did more; he took from her her wedding presents, her jewels, and forced her to appeal to her mother in his behalf for money. To cover the princess' disgrace John W. Mackay is said to have advanced him 1,000,000 francs and over in addition to what Colonna had already squandered.

Years went by, four children were born to the prince and princess. Their coming made no difference in his shameless conduct. He grew worse until October last, when the princess, after consulting with Mr. Mackay and her mother, decided that loyalty to such a man as the prince, and encouraging further abuse and greater extravagance, were impossible.

Then the princess sought a final separation from the prince. Since the suit for separation the princess has been living with her mother in adjoining apartments at the Hotel Brighton, Paris. They have not mingled in society, save in their most intimate circle of friends.

A VILLAINOUS HUSBAND.

Burned His Wife in an Open Fireplace.

Milford, Conn., Dec. 1.—A horrible discovery was made yesterday in a farm house six miles above here by the neighbors of Michael Hennessy, an old farmer, who has long been known as a quarrelsome fellow. For over a week neither Hennessy nor his wife have been seen about the farm. The bleating of the cattle in the barn annoyed the neighbors so much that yesterday morning they visited the premises and made an investigation. They found Hennessy's wife unconscious in a room in the house without any clothing on, and her body a mess of burns, the flesh in many places being rolled up on her body. Her husband was lying on the floor, stupid from the effects of drink.

Mrs. Hennessy, as well as she could, told the neighbors that her husband, a week ago last Wednesday, while drunk, took hold of her and dragged her to the open fireplace and pushed her in over the blazing logs, setting her clothes on fire. He looked on the scene with great delight while she burned, and laughed at her agony. He refused to call in medical assistance afterwards, and the woman has suffered untold pain for a week.

A physician who attended her today says that gangrene has set in, and that she cannot live. Hennessy has been arrested and is threatened with violence by the townspeople. Great excitement prevails over the affair.

THE "FIGHTING PARSON" DEAD.

He Was Also the First Inmate of Libby Prison.

New York, Dec. 2.—The Rev. Hiram Eddy, of Canaan, Conn., died on Thursday, aged 80 years, after several weeks of illness. He was one of the best known clergymen in the state. He was known as the "fighting parson," a title derived from being captured with a musket in his hand at Bull Run, when chaplain of a Connecticut regiment in 1861. He was the first inmate of Libby prison, and had a severe experience in several other Southern prisons during the war. After the war he served with the American Missionary association for a year and a half, and established the first Freedman's school at the South. He was six feet three inches tall, of massive figure, and had an impressive head and face.

TO MARRY ANNIE GOULD.

Harry Woodruff Makes Such a Statement.

Indianapolis, Nov. 29.—Joseph Eastman, of this city, has received a letter from Harry Woodruff, in which the actor says that he is engaged to marry Miss Annie Gould. The information leaked out from members of the Eastman family. The statement that Woodruff is to matriculate at Yale college for a three years' course was confirmed by the letter. Mr. Eastman refused to affirm or deny the statement regarding the letter, but the story is thoroughly authentic, as the letter was displayed to members of the household at the time when the announcement of the engagement was first made public a few days ago.

HUMANE GENERAL ALGER.

Working Hard to Find Employment for the Starving Miners.

Cleveland, Dec. 4.—Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit, has been in Cleveland several days in consultation, it is said, with some of the heaviest stockholders in the Michigan iron mines. He is trying to induce them to resume operations, so that the starving miners may find employment. Gen. Alger says that if the men can be given work only a part of the time, the state of Michigan will appropriate money to help them through the winter. He has met with little encouragement here, however, the mine-owners seeing no immediate prospect for their ore.

BIG FIRE AT UTICA.

It Results in a Loss of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand.

Utica, N. Y., Dec. 2.—The four-story brick structure known as the Newell block, located on Genesee street in the business center of the city, was burned yesterday afternoon. The building was occupied by J. N. Rathbun, who carried a very heavy stock of paints, oils, wall papers, etc.

Banquet to Fred Grant.

New York, Nov. 23.—A banquet was given in honor of Col. Fred D. Grant, late minister to Austria, by members of U. S. Grant post, G. A. R., and the Montauk club in Brooklyn last night. He was also given a reception at the rooms of the post. He was received in true military style and went through an hour's handshaking.

Menage Has Been Located.

Washington, Nov. 28.—It is said that the state department has received information that Menare, the Minneapolis defaulter, has been located in Honduras, having fled from Guatemala. State department officials decline to say anything on the subject.

Increase in the Gold Output.

Denver, Col., Nov. 29.—Colorado's gold output for 1893 will show an increase of over 100 per cent. over that of 1892, which was, up to that time, the largest yearly output in the history of the state or territory.

TERRIBLE TALE OF SUFFERING

Comes from Destitute Farmers of Kansas and the Northwest.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 2.—A special to the Republic from Topeka, Kan., says: Reports from Western Kansas indicate a great deal of suffering there among the people. A blizzard swept across the barren plains all last night, while hundreds of families are without fuel to keep warm. Col. Willis, of Cheyenne county, in the extreme northwestern part of the state, says hundreds of families in the northwestern counties are in need of fuel, and have not a dollar with which to buy it or the necessaries of life. They are the poorer classes, and they have not been able to leave the country. Willis says the blizzard drove many families into the villages, where they were allowed to keep warm around the stoves in the stores. Others are trying to keep warm over fires made from the twisted buffalo grass and dried manure from stables. He says the situation is serious for many people, who will freeze and suffer from hunger if they do not get immediate aid.

AMALGAMATION OF FARMERS.

A Bitter Arraignment of Secretary Morton.

Indianapolis, Nov. 29.—The annual address of President Robinson was the opening feature of the general assembly of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, which convened yesterday afternoon. It was a bitter arraignment of Secretary of Agriculture Morton for his statement through the press that the farmers' greatest enemy and destroyer are the farmers' organizations, because they rob him of his individuality, and an earnest recommendation for the union of all the organizations of farmers in the country into one grand body.

NO MONUMENT TO BLAINE.

Only a Trifle Subscribed for the Purpose.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 2.—The movement started last spring to raise money for a monument to be erected to the memory of James G. Blaine has proved a lamentable failure. It was thought at the time that $20,000 or $30,000 could easily be raised by subscription, and papers were prepared and placed in circulation in May last.

Yesterday the treasurer of the Blaine Memorial association reports that but $115 has been paid in.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The New York bank statement of Saturday shows a still further accumulation of idle money. The deposits for the week showed an increase of over twelve millions, while the loans increased only four and a quarter millions. The cash reserve held by the banks of the metropolis now amounts to almost $198,000,000, which shows, better than anything else, the stagnation of business and the fact that everything is waiting on the action of Congress on the tariff. This enormous volume of idle money is not the result of high interest rates, for the money market continued to broaden under the increasing offers of funds. Call money was in overabundant supply, at 1 to 1 1-2 per cent.; banks and trust companies quoted 2 1-2 per cent. as the rate for their loans, which usually stand for indefinite periods undisturbed. Time money is abundantly offered, and rates were unprecedently low. Quotations on Saturday were 2 per cent. for 30 to 60 days, 2 1-2 to 3 per cent. for 90 days to 4 months, and 3 1-2 to 4 per cent. for 5 and 6 months. These rates are as low as those in European money centers—a state of things remarkable for its rarity.

The vast accummulation of idle money indicates a remarkable shrinkage in the volume of trade, for reports from all over the country show that the demand for loans is unusually light for this season of the year. The exceptionally low interest rates at New York help to prevent the influx of gold from Europe which the state of our foreign trade ought to cause. There has been a very sharp decrease in our imports, while the export trade is of fair volume. There is thus a heavy excess of imports. This should, under ordinary conditions, bring gold to us. But it does not come. The reason seems to be that interest rates here are so low that American financiers are paying off loans made in Europe last summer during the financial stress.

The publication of the Wilson bill caused a decline in industrial stocks, all of which will be more or less affected by tariff legislation. This was particularly noticeable in the decline of sugar, which went down 14 points. Aside from these facts, the market was a waiting one. The attitude of the administration as voiced in the President's message as to business points on which the dominant party is not united, is looked for with considerable interest. This refers, of course, to banking and currency matters. There are, also, many other matters of legislation which have a bearing on the course of business, and consequently of the stock market, which lead operators to use much caution at this time. Last week the strong undertone to the market continued, of which previous mention has been made. There is a feeling that the market has seen the worst, that prices can not go any lower than they have been; and the low rates of interest in the money market renders it possible to carry large blocks of stock very easily.

There was a slackening last week in the demand for bar silver for Asia, and the price in London weakened as a result. Of course the New York market followed. The closing price on Saturday was 69 1-2 cents per ounce, a fall of one cent as compared with the week previous.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

Not Much Change in the Business Conditions.

New York, Dec. 2.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review to-day says: It cannot be said that business during the past week has grown better or worse. Fore some days the gain in demand and in transactions which had been previously noticed evidently continued. But afterwards tariff uncertainties were thought to affect some branches of business, and whatever the causes, the state of trade was less clear. Money was everywhere abundant, with rates comparatively low, and the commercial demand was remarkably small, while the demand for speculative uses appears to be increasing.

Failures during the past week numbered only 278, against 236 for the same week last year, and in Canada against 33 last year. Only four of the week's failures were of liabilities exceeding $100,000. The returns of liabilities for the preceding week show a large increase compared with the previous week, and after deducting one large street railway failure at Denver, the increase in all sections is heavy, and the aggregate of liabilities is nearly double that of the preceding week.

MARKETS THE WORLD OVER.

The San Francisco Exchange will soon publish a report of the stocks of wheat in California. It will show large. Deliveries there out December contracts were free.

The receipts of wheat at Duluth and Minneapolis during the four months ending December 1, were 40,600,000 bushels against 46,800,000 in 1892 and 48,600,000 in 1891.

Navigation is about closed. Lake freights have been very low. Electricity promises to be a success as a motive power on the New York state canals, which would materially cheapen the cost there. The water routes will continue to be of great advantage to inferior producers and the lake ports will draw the trade while navigation is open.

Receipts of winter wheat at St. Louis and Toledo thus far this season have been only half as large and spring wheat receipts about two-thirds as large as a year ago, when they were the largest ever known. Duluth and Minneapolis received nearly as much a year ago, but Chicago shows a very large falling off and partly in winter wheat.

Flour.—Minneapolis mills report a fair domestic demand for flour. The output is being curtailed and will be much smaller this week. Shipments by lake are over the water power is short. This will and the prevent the smaller receipts of wheat there from having as much effect as they otherwise would. Local millers here say the demand is quiet but they are grinding full time.

Russian crop year commences with August. During the first three months this season they have exported 25,400,000 bushels of wheat against 22,000,000 same time in 1892 and 29,000,000 in 1891. Shipments to-day from Black Sea ports close about the first of December and the Danubian ports a few weeks later. Navigation there opens earlier than in the United States.

Money is easier. It will be plenty and cheap all winter. The tariff talk will probably last until spring and those whose business may be affected by the result, will curtail operations and need less money to do business with. Banks again have the confidence of the people and deposits will continue to increase. It will reduce the carrying expenses on wheat to a minimum and should increase the investment and speculative demand.

Winter storage rate here commenced December 1. It is the same in all of the elevators. On grain carried until April 15, the storage will be only 2 1-2 cents per bushel. It is fig